MISCELLANIES

IN

PROSE and VERSE.

Moſt of them formerly publiſhed,

And now

Collected into one VOLUME.

By the late Reverend and Ingenious

Mr. HENRY GROVE.

LONDON

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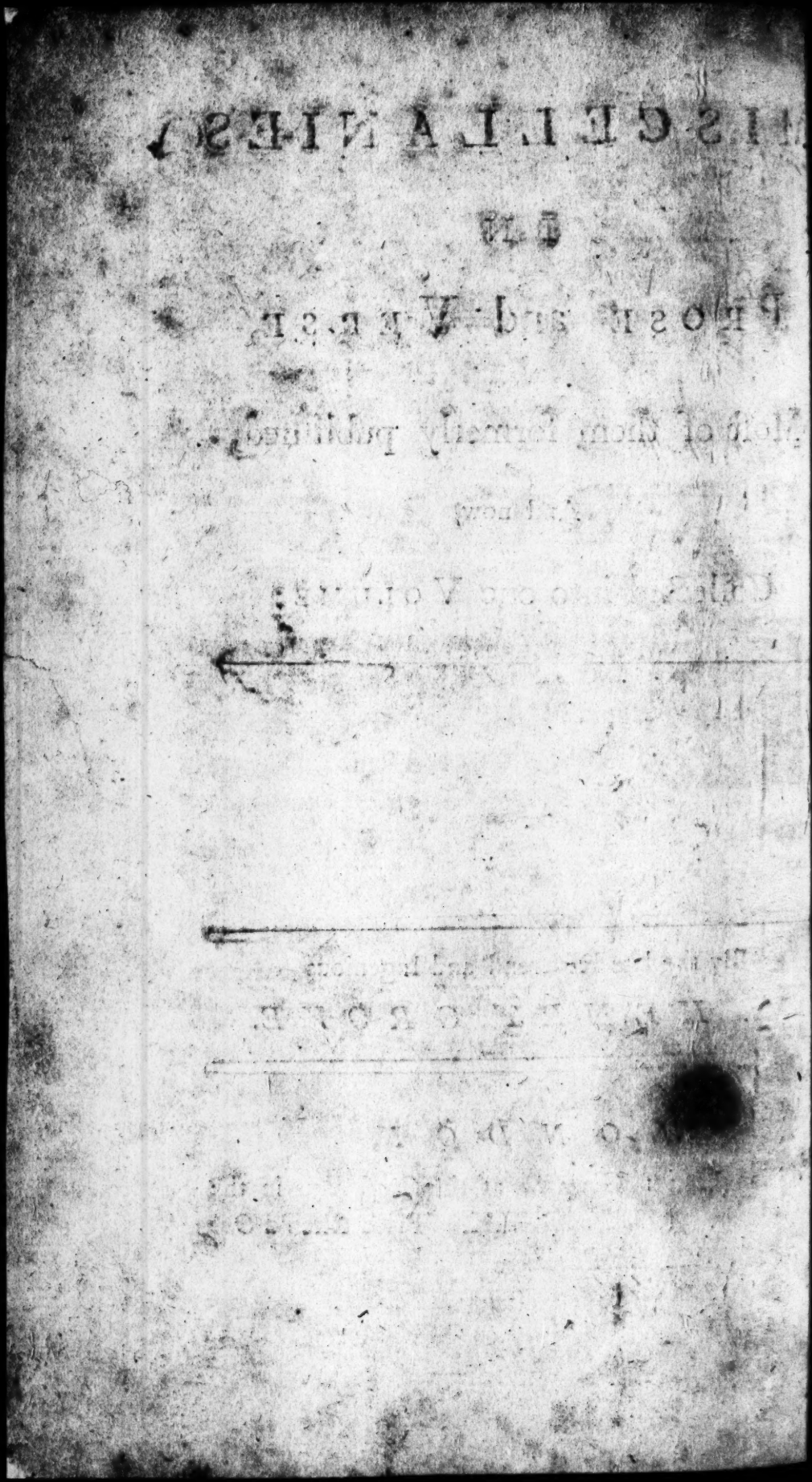

THE PREFACE.

THE Reverend and Learned Author of theſe *Miſcellanies* having left behind him *three ſelect Volumes of Sermons* and *one of Moral Eſſays*, deſign'd by himſelf for the Preſs, and now preparing to be publiſhed by *Subſcription*, it was thought proper to collect the following Pieces into one ſmall Volume; that thoſe who retain a juſt Eſteem for the Memory of their ingenious Author, and value his Works, might be able to compleat them ſeparately from thoſe of any other Writers.

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THE

THE SPECTATOR.

VOL. VIII. N° 588.

The Pleaſure of BENEFICENCE.

Dicitis, Omnis in Imbecillitate eſt et Gratia, et Caritas. Cicero de Nat. Deor. L.

MAN may be conſidered in two Views, as a Reaſonable, and as a Sociable Being; capable of becoming himſelf either happy or miſerable, and of contributing to the Happineſs or Miſery of his Fellow Creatures. Suitably to this double Capacity, the Contriver of human Nature hath wiſely furniſhed it with two Principles of Action, Self-love and Benevolence; deſigned one of them to render Man wakeful to his own perſonal Intereſt, the other to diſpoſe him for

giving his utmoſt Aſſiſtance to all engaged in the ſame Purſuit. This is ſuch an Account of our Frame, ſo agreeable to Reaſon, ſo much for the Honour of our Maker, and the Credit of our Species, that it may appear ſomewhat unaccountable what ſhould induce Men to repreſent human Nature as they do under Characters of Diſadvantage, or, having drawn it with a little and ſordid Aſpect, what Pleaſure they can poſſiby take in ſuch a Picture. Do they reflect that it is their own, and, if we will believe themſelves, is not more odious than the Original? One of the firſt that talk'd in this lofty Strain of our Nature was *Epicurus*. Beneficence, would his Followers ſay, is all founded in Weakneſs; and, whatever he pretended, the Kindneſs that paſſeth between Men and Men is by every Man directed to himſelf. This, it muſt be confeſſed, is of a Piece with the reſt of that hopeful Philoſophy, which having patched Man up out of the four Elements, attributes his Being to Chance, and derives all his Actions from an unintelligible Declination of Atoms. And for theſe glorious Diſcoveries the Poet is beyond meaſure tranſported in the Praiſes of his Hero, as if he muſt needs be ſomething more than Man, only for an Endeavour to prove that Man is in nothing ſuperior to Beaſts. In this School was Mr. *Hobbes* inſtructed to ſpeak after the ſame Manner, if he did not rather draw his Knowledge from an Obſervation of his own Tem-

per; for he ſomewhere unluckily lays down this as a Rule, "That from the Similitudes of Thoughts "and Paſſions of one Man to the Thoughts and "Paſſions of another, whoſoever looks into him-"ſelf, and conſiders what he doth when he thinks, "hopes, fears, &c. and upon what Grounds; he ſhall "hereby read and know what are the Thoughts and "Paſſions of all other Men upon the like Occaſi-"ons." Now we will allow Mr. *Hobbes* to know beſt how he was inclined; But in earneſt, I ſhould be heartily out of Conceit with my ſelf, if I thought my ſelf of this unamiable Temper, as he affirms, and ſhould have as little Kindneſs for my ſelf as for any Body in the World. Hitherto I always imagined that kind and benevolent Propenſions were the Original Growth of the Heart of Man, and, however checked and overtopped by counter Inclinations that have ſince ſprung up within us, have ſtill ſome force in the worſt of Tempers, and a conſiderable Influence on the beſt. And, methinks, it is a fair Step towards the Proof of this, that the moſt beneficent of all Beings is He who hath an abſolute Fullneſs of Perfection in Himſelf, who gave Exiſtence to the Univerſe, and ſo cannot be ſuppoſed to want that which He communicated, without diminiſhing from the Plenitude of his own Power and Happineſs. The Philoſophers before mentioned have indeed done all that in them lay to invalidate this Argument; for placing the Gods in a

State of the moſt elevated Bleſſedneſs, they deſcribe them as Selfiſh as we poor miſerable Mortals can be, and ſhut them out from all Concern for Mankind, upon the Score of their having no Need of us. But if He that ſitteth in the Heavens wants not us, we ſtand in continual Need of Him; and ſurely, next to the Survey of the immenſe Treaſures of his own Mind, the moſt exalted Pleaſure He receives is from beholding Millions of Creatures, lately drawn out of the Gulph of Non-exiſtence, rejoicing in the various degrees of Being and Happineſs imparted to them. And as this is the true, the glorious Character of the Deity, ſo in forming a reaſonable Creature He would not, if poſſible, ſuffer his Image to paſs out of his Hands unadorned with a Reſemblance of himſelf in this moſt lovely Part of his Nature. For what Complacency could a Mind, whoſe Love is as unbounded as his Knowledge, have in a Work ſo unlike Himſelf; a Creature that ſhould be capable of knowing and converſing with a vaſt Circle of Objects, and love none but Himſelf? What Proportion would there be between the Head and the Heart of ſuch a Creature, its Affections, and its Underſtanding? Or could a Society of ſuch Creatures, with no other Bottom but Self-Love on which to maintain a Commerce, ever flouriſh? Reaſon, 'tis certain, would oblige every Man to purſue the general Happineſs, as the Means to procure and eſtabliſh his own; and yet

yet if, beſides this Conſideration, there were not a natural Inſtinct, prompting Men to deſire the Welfare and Satisfaction of others, Self-Love, in Defiance of the Admonitions of Reaſon, would quickly run all Things into a State of War and Confuſion. As nearly intereſted as the Soul is in the Fate of the Body; our provident Creator ſaw it neceſſary, by the conſtant Returns of Hunger and Thirſt, thoſe importunate Appetites, to put it in Mind of its Charge; knowing, that if we ſhould eat and drink no oftner than cold abſtracted Speculation ſhould put us upon theſe Exerciſes, and then leave it to Reaſon to preſcribe the Quantity, we ſhould ſoon refine our ſelves out of this bodily Life. And indeed, 'tis obvious to remark, that we follow nothing heartily, unleſs carried to it by Inclinations which anticipate our Reaſon, and like a Biaſs, draw the Mind ſtrongly towards it. In order, therefore, to eſtabliſh a perpetual Intercourſe of Benefits amongſt Mankind, their Maker would not fail to give them this generous Prepoſſeſſion of Benevolence, if, as I have ſaid, it were poſſible. And from whence can we go about to argue its Impoſſibility? Is it inconſiſtent with Self-Love? Are their Motions contrary? No more than the diurnal Rotation of the Earth is oppoſed to its Annual; or its Motion round its own Center, which might be improved as an Illuſtration of Self-Love, to that which whirls it about the common Center of the World, anſwering to univerſal Benevo-

Benevolence. Is the Force of Self-Love abated, o
its Intereſt prejudiced by Benevolence? So far from
it, that Benevolence, though a diſtinct Principle
is extreamly ſerviceable to Self-Love, and then doth
moſt Service when 'tis leaſt deſigned.

BUT to deſcend from Reaſon to Matter of Fact
the Pity which ariſes on Sight of Perſons in Diſtreſs
and the Satisfaction of Mind which is the Conſe-
quence of having removed them into a happier State
are inſtead of a thouſand Arguments to prove ſuch
a thing as a diſintered Benevolence. Did Pity pro-
ceed from a Reflection we make upon our Liable-
neſs to the ſame ill Accidents we ſee befal others
it were nothing to the preſent Purpoſe; but this i
aſſigning an artificial Cauſe of a natural Paſſion, an
can by no Means be admitted as a tolerable Ac-
count of it, becauſe Children and Perſons moſt
thoughtleſs about their own Condition, and incapa-
ble of entering into the Proſpects of Futurity, fee
the moſt violent Touches of Compaſſion. And the
as to that charming Delight which immediately fol-
lows the giving Joy to another, or relieving hi
Sorrow, and is, when the Objects are numerous
and the Kindneſs of Importance, really inexpreſſi-
ble, what can this be owing to but a Conſciouſne
of a Man's having done ſomething Praiſe-worthy
and expreſſive of a great Soul? Whereas, if in a
this he only Sacrificed to Vanity and Self-Love,
there would be nothing brave in Actions that mak
th

the moſt ſhining Appearance, ſo Nature would not have rewarded them with this divine Pleaſure; nor could the Commendations, which a Perſon receives for Benefits done upon ſelfiſh Views, be at all more Satisfactory, than when he is applauded for what he doth without Deſign; becauſe in both Caſes the Ends of Self-Love are equally anſwered. The Conſcience of approving ones ſelf a Benefactor to Mankind is the nobleſt Recompence for being ſo; doubtleſs it is, and the moſt intereſted cannot propoſe any thing ſo much to their own Advantage, notwithſtanding which, the Inclination is nevertheleſs unſelfiſh. The Pleaſure which attends the Gratification of our Hunger and Thirſt, is not the Cauſe of theſe Appetites; they are previous to any ſuch Proſpect; and ſo likewiſe is the Deſire of doing Good; with this Difference, that being ſeated in the intellectual Part, this laſt, though Antecedent to Reaſon, may yet be improved and regulated by it, and, I will add, is no otherwiſe a Virtue than as it is ſo. Thus have I contended for the Dignity of that Nature I have the Honour to partake of, and, after all the Evidence produced, think I have a Right to conclude, againſt the Motto of this Paper, that there is ſuch a thing as Generoſity in the World. Though if I were under a Miſtake in this, I ſhould ſay as *Cicero* in Relation to the Immortality of the Soul, I willingly err, and ſhould believe it very much for the Intereſt of Mankind

to

to lye under the ſame Deluſion. For the contrary Notion naturally tends to diſpirit the Mind, and ſinks it into a Meanneſs fatal to the Godlike Zeal of doing good. As on the other hand, it teaches People to be Ungrateful, by poſſeſſing them with a Perſwaſion concerning their Benefactors, that they have no Regard to them in the Benefits they beſtow. Now he that baniſhes Gratitude from among Men, by ſo doing ſtops up the Stream of Beneficence. For though in conferring Kindneſſes, a truly generous Man doth not aim at a Return, yet he looks to the Qualities of the Perſon obliged, and as nothing renders a Perſon more unworthy of a Benefit, than his being without all Reſentment of it, he will not be extreamly forward to oblige ſuch a Man.

N° 601. *On* BENEVOLENCE.

Ὁ ἄνθρωπος εὐεργετὸς πεφυκώς. Antonin. Lib. 9.

NOTWITHSTANDING a narrow contracted Temper be that which obtains most in the World, we must not therefore conclude this to be the genuine Characteristick of Mankind; because there are some who delight in nothing so much as in doing Good, and receive more of their Happiness at second hand, or by rebound from others, than by direct and immediate Sensation. Now tho' these Heroick Souls are but few, and to appearance so far advanced above the groveling Multitude, as if they were of another Order of Beings, yet in Reality their Nature is the same, moved by the same Springs, and endowed with all the same essential Qualities, only cleared, refined, and cultivated, Water is the same fluid Body in Winter and in Summer; when it stands stiffened in Ice, as when it flows along in gentle Streams, gladdening a thousand Fields in its Progress. 'Tis a Property of the Heart of Man to be diffusive: Its kind Wishes spread abroad over the Face of the Creation; and if there be those, as we may observe too many of them, who are all wrapt up in their own dear selves, without

any viſible Concern for their Species, let us ſuppoſe that their Good-nature is frozen, and by the prevailing Force of ſome contrary Quality, reſtrained in its Operations. I ſhall therefore endeavour to aſſign ſome of the principal Checks upon this generous Propenſion of the Human Soul, which will enable us to judge whether, and by what Method, this moſt uſeful Principle may be unfettered, and reſtored to its native Freedom of Exerciſe.

THE firſt and leading Cauſe is an unhappy Complexion of Body. The Heathens, ignorant of the true Source of Moral Evil, generally charged it on the Obliquity of Matter, which, being eternal and independent, was incapable of Change in any of its Properties, even by the Almighty Mind, who, when He came to faſhion it into a World of Beings, muſt take it as he found it. This Notion, as moſt others of theirs, is a Compoſition of Truth and Error. That Matter is eternal, that from the firſt Union of a Soul to it, it perverted its Inclinations, and that the ill Influence it hath upon the Mind is not to be corrected by God himſelf, are all very great Errors, occaſioned by a Truth as evident, that the Capacities and Diſpoſitions of the Soul depend, to a great Degree, on the bodily Temper. As there are ſome Fools, others are Knaves, by Conſtitution; and particularly, it may be ſaid of many, that they are born with an illiberal Caſt of Mind; the Matter which compoſes

them

them is tenacious as Birdlime, and a kind of Cramp draws their Hands and their Hearts together, that they never care to open them unleſs to graſp at more. 'Tis a melancholy Lot this; but attended with one Advantage above theirs, to whom it would be as painful to forbear good Offices, as it is to theſe Men to perform them; that whereas Perſons naturally Beneficent often miſtake Inſtinct for Virtue, by reaſon of the Difficulty of diſtinguiſhing when one rules them and when the other, Men of the oppoſite Character may be more certain of the Motive that predominates in every Action. If they cannot confer a Benefit with that Eaſe and Frankneſs which are neceſſary to give it a Grace in the Eye of the World, in requital, the real Merit of what they do is inhanc'd by the Oppoſition they ſurmount in doing it. The Strength of their Virtue is ſeen in riſing againſt the Weight of Nature, and every time they have the Reſolution to diſcharge their Duty, they make a Sacrifice of Inclination to Conſcience, which is always too grateful to let its Followers go without ſuitable Marks of its Approbation. Perhaps the entire Cure of this ill Quality is no more poſſible, than of ſome Diſtempers that deſcend by Inheritance. However, a great deal may be done by a Courſe of Beneficence obſtinately perſiſted in; this, if any thing, being a likely way of eſtabliſhing a moral Habit, which ſhall be ſomewhat of a Counterpoiſe to the Force of Mechaniſm.

Only it must be remembred, that we do not inter
mit, upon any Pretence whatsoever, the Custom o
doing Good, in regard if there be the least Cessation
Nature will watch the Opportunity to return, an
in a short time to recover the Ground it was so lon
in quitting: For there is this Difference betwee
mental Habits, and such as have their Foundatio
in the Body; that these last are in their Nature mo
forcible and violent, and, to gain upon us, nee
only not to be opposed; whereas the former mu
be continually reinforced with fresh Supplies, or the
will languish and die away. And this suggests th
Reason why good Habits, in general, require long
er time for their Settlement than bad; and yet a
sooner displaced; the Reason is, that vicious Ha
bits (as Drunkenness for Instance) produce a Chang
in the Body, which the others not doing, must b
maintained the same way they are acquired by th
mere Dint of Industry, Resolution, and Vig
lance.

ANOTHER Thing which suspends the Opera
tions of Benevolence, is the Love of the World
proceeding from a false Notion Men have taken up
that an abundance of the World is an essential In
gredient into the Happiness of Life. World
Things are of such a Quality as to lessen upon d
viding, so that the more Partners there are, the le
must fall to every Man's private Share. The Co
sequence of this is, that they look upon one an
th

ther with an evil Eye, each imagining all the reſt to be embarked in an Intereſt, that cannot take Place but to his Prejudice. Hence are thoſe eager Competitions for Wealth or Power; hence one Man's Succeſs becomes another's Diſappointment; and, like Pretenders to the ſame Miſtreſs, they can ſeldom have common Charity for their Rivals. Not that they are naturally diſpoſed to quarrel and fall out, but 'tis natural for a Man to prefer himſelf to all others, and to ſecure his own Intereſt firſt. If that which Men eſteem their Happineſs were like the Light, the ſame ſufficient and unconfined Good, whether Ten Thouſand enjoy the Benefit of it, or but One, we ſhould ſee Mens Good-will, and kind Endeavours, would be as univerſal.

Homo qui Erranti comiter monſtrat Viam,
Quaſi Lumen de ſuo Lumine accendat, facit,
Nihilominus ipſi luceat, cum illi accenderit.

But, unluckily, Mankind agree in making Choice of Objects, which inevitably engage them in perpetual Differences. Learn therefore, like a wiſe Man, the true Eſtimate of Things. Deſire not more of the World than is neceſſary to accommodate you in paſſing through it; look upon every thing beyond, not as uſeleſs only, but burthenſome. Place not your Quiet in things, which you cannot have without putting others beſide them, and thereby making

making them your Enemies; and which, when attain'd, will give you more Trouble to keep, than Satisfaction in the Enjoyment. Virtue is a good of a nobler kind; it grows by Communication, and ſo little reſembles earthly Riches, that the more Hands it is lodged in, the greater is every Man's particular Stock. So, by propagating and mingling their Fires, not only all the Lights of a Branch together caſt a more extenſive Brightneſs, but each ſingle Light burns with a ſtronger Flame. And laſtly, take this along with you, that if Wealth be an Inſtrument of Pleaſure, the greateſt Pleaſure it can put into your Power, is that of doing Good. 'Tis worth conſidering, that the Organs of Senſe act within a narrow Compaſs, and the Appetites will ſoon ſay they have enough: Which of the two therefore is the happier Man? He, who confining all his Regard to the Gratification of his own Appetites, is capable but of ſhort Fits of Pleaſure? Or the Man, who, reckoning himſelf a Sharer in the Satisfactions of others, eſpecially thoſe which come to them by his Means, enlarges the Sphere of his Happineſs?

THE laſt Enemy to Benevolence I ſhall mention is Uneaſineſs of any kind. A guilty, or a diſcontented Mind, a Mind ruffled by ill Fortune, diſconcerted by its own Paſſions, ſowered by Neglect, or fretting at Diſappointments, hath not Leiſure to attend to the Neceſſity or Reaſonableneſs of a Kind-

neſs

neſs deſired; nor a Taſte for thoſe Pleaſures which wait on Beneficence, which demand a calm and unpolluted Heart to reliſh them. The moſt miſerable of all Beings is the moſt envious; as on the other hand, the moſt communicative is the happieſt. And if you are in ſearch of the Seat of perfect Love and Friendſhip, you will not find it till you come to the Region of the Bleſſed, where Happineſs, like a refreſhing Stream, flows from Heart to Heart in an endleſs Circulation, and is preſerved ſweet and untainted by the Motion. 'Tis old Advice, if you have a Favour to requeſt of any one, to obſerve the ſofteſt times of Addreſs, when the Soul, in a Fluſh of good Humour, takes a Pleaſure to ſhew it ſelf pleaſed. Perſons conſcious of their own Integrity, ſatisfied with themſelves, and their Condition, and full of Confidence in a Supreme Being, and the Hope of Immortality, ſurvey all about them with a Flow of Good-will. As Trees which like their Soil, they ſhoot out in Expreſſions of Kindneſs, and bend beneath their own precious Load, to the Hand of the Gatherer. Now if the Mind be not thus eaſy, 'tis an infallible Sign that it is not in its natural State: Place the Mind in its right Poſture, it will immediately diſcover its innate Propenſion to Beneficence.

N° 626.

N° 626. *On* NOVELTY.

—*Dulcique animos novitate tenebo.* Ov. Met. l. 1.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

WHEN I have ſeen young Puſs playing her wanton Gambols, and with a thouſand antick Shapes expreſs her own Gaiety at the ſame time that ſhe moved mine, while the old Grannum hath ſat by with a moſt exemplary Gravity, unmov'd at all that paſt; it hath made me reflect what ſhould be the Occaſion of Humours ſo oppoſite in two Creatures, between whom there was no viſible Difference but that of Age; and I have been able to reſolve it into nothing elſe but *the Force of Novelty.*

IN every Species of Creatures, thoſe who have been leaſt Time in the World, appear beſt pleaſed with their Condition: For, beſides that to a new Comer the World hath a Freſhneſs on it that ſtrikes the Senſe after a moſt agreeable Manner, *Being* itſelf, unattended with any great Variety of Enjoyments, excites a Senſation of Pleaſure. But as Age advances, every thing ſeems to wither, the Senſes are diſguſted with their old Entertainments, and Ex-

iſtence

ſence turns flat and inſipid. We may ſee this exemplified in Mankind: The Child, let him be free from Pain, and gratified in his Change of Toys, is diverted with the ſmalleſt Trifle. Nothing diſturbs the Mirth of the Boy, but a little Puniſhment or Confinement. The Youth muſt have more violent Pleaſures to employ his Time; the Man loves the Hurry of an active Life, devoted to the Purſuits of Wealth or Ambition; and Laſtly, old Age, having loſt its Capacity for theſe Avocations, becomes its own inſupportable Burthen. This Variety may in part be accounted for by the Vivacity and Decay of the Faculties; but I believe is chiefly owing to this, That the longer we have been in Poſſeſſion of Being, the leſs ſenſible is the Guſt we have of it; and the more it requires of adventitious Amuſements to relieve us from the Satiety and Wearineſs it brings along with it.

AND as Novelty is of a very powerful, ſo of a moſt extenſive Influence. Moraliſts have long ſince obſerved it to be the Source of Admiration, which leſſens in proportion to our Familiarity with Objects, and upon a thorough Acquaintance is utterly extinguiſhed. But I think it hath not been ſo commonly remarked, that all the other Paſſions depend conſiderably on the ſame Circumſtance. What is it but Novelty that awakens Deſire, enhances Delight, kindles Anger, provokes Envy, inſpires Horror? To this Cauſe we muſt aſcribe it, that Love lan-

guiſhes with Fruition, and Friendſhip it ſelf is recommended by Intervals of Abſence: Hence Monſters, by uſe, are beheld without loathing, and the moſt enchanting Beauty without Rapture. That Emotion of the Spirits in which Paſſion conſiſts, is uſually the Effect of Surprize, and as long as it continues, heightens the agreeable or diſagreeable Qualities of its Object; but as this Emotion ceaſes (and it ceaſes with the Novelty) things appear in another Light, and affect us even leſs than might be expected from their proper Energy, for having moved us too much before.

IT may not be an uſeleſs Enquiry how far the Love of Novelty is the unavoidable Growth of Nature, and in what Reſpects it is peculiarly adapted to the preſent State. To me it ſeems impoſſible that a reaſonable Creature ſhould reſt abſolutely ſatisfied in any Acquiſitions whatever, without endeavouring farther; for after its higheſt Improvement the Mind hath an Idea of an Infinity of things ſtill behind worth knowing, to the Knowledge of which therefore it cannot be indifferent; as by climbing up a Hill in the midſt of a wide Plain, a Man hath his Proſpect enlarged, and, together with that, the bounds of his Deſires. Upon this Account, I cannot think he detracts from the State of the Bleſſed who conceives them to be perpetually employed in freſh Searches into Nature, and to Eternity advancing into the fathomleſs Depths of the Divine Perfection

fections. In this Thought there is nothing but what doth Honour to theſe glorified Spirits; provided ſtill it be remembred, that their Deſire of more proceeds not from their diſreliſhing what they poſſeſs; and the Pleaſure of a new Enjoyment is not with them meaſured by its Novelty (which is a thing merely foreign and accidental) but by its real intrinſick Value. After an Acquaintance of many thouſand Years with the Works of God, the Beauty and Magnificence of the Creation fills them with the ſame pleaſing Wonder and profound Awe, which *Adam* felt himſelf ſeized with as he firſt opened his Eyes upon this glorious Scene. Truth captivates with unborrowed Charms, and whatever hath once given Satisfaction will always do it: In all which they have manifeſtly the Advantage of us, who are ſo much governed by ſickly and changeable Appetites, that we can with the greateſt Coldneſs behold the ſtupendous Diſplays of Omnipotence, and be in Tranſports at the puny Eſſays of humane Skill; throw aſide Speculations of the ſublimeſt Nature and vaſteſt Importance into ſome obſcure Corner of the Mind, to make Room for new Notions of no Conſequence at all; are even tired of Health, becauſe not enlivened with alternate Pain, and prefer the firſt Reading of an indifferent Author, to the ſecond or third Peruſal of one whoſe Merit and Reputation are eſtabliſhed.

OUR being thus formed ſerves many uſeful Purpoſes in the preſent State. It contributes not a little to the Advancement of Learning; for, as *Cicero* takes notice, That which makes Men willing to undergo the Fatigues of Philoſophical Diſquiſitions, is not ſo much the Greatneſs of Objects as their Novelty. It is not enough that there is Field and Game for the Chace, and that the Underſtanding is prompted with a reſtleſs Thirſt of Knowledge, effectually to rouſe the Soul, ſunk into the State of Sloth and Indolence; it is alſo neceſſary that there be an uncommon Pleaſure annexed to the firſt Appearance of Truth in the Mind. This Pleaſure being exquiſite for the Time it laſts, but tranſient, it hereby comes to paſs that the Mind grows into an Indifference to its former Notions, and paſſes on after new Diſcoveries, in hope of repeating the Delight. It is with Knowledge as with Wealth, the Pleaſure of which lies more in making endleſs Additions, than in taking a Review of our old Store. There are ſome Inconveniences that follow this Temper, not guarded againſt, particularly this, that through a too great Eagerneſs of ſomething new we are many times impatient of ſtaying long enough upon a Queſtion that requires ſome time to reſolve; or, which is worſe, perſwade our ſelves that we are Maſters of the Subject before we are ſo, only to be at the Liberty of going upon a freſh Scent;

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Mr. *Locke's* Words, *we ſee a little, preſume a great deal, and ſo jump to the Concluſion.*

A FARTHER Advantage of our Inclination for Novelty, as at preſent circumſtantiated, is, that it annihilates all the boaſted Diſtinctions among Mankind. Look not up with Envy to thoſe above thee. Sounding Titles, ſtately Buildings, fine Gardens, gilded Chariots, rich Equipages, what are they? They dazzle every one but the Poſſeſſor: to him that is accuſtomed to them they are cheap and regardleſs Things: They ſupply him not with brighter Images, or more ſublime Satisfactions than the plain Man may have, whoſe ſmall Eſtate will juſt enable him to ſupport the Charge of a ſimple unencumbered Life. He enters heedleſs into his Rooms of State, as you or I do under our poor Sheds. The noble Paintings and coſtly Furniture are loſt on him; he ſees them not: As how can it be otherwiſe, when by Cuſtom, a Fabrick infinitely more grand and finiſh'd, that of the Univerſe, ſtands unobſerved by the Inhabitants, and the everlaſting Lamps of Heaven are lighted up in vain, for any Notice that Mortals take of them? Thanks to indulgent Nature, which not only placed her Children originally upon a Level, but ſtill, by the Strength of this Principle, in a great Meaſure preſerves it, in ſpite of all the Care of a Man, to introduce artificial Diſtinctions.

To

To add no more, Is not this Fondneſs for Novelty, which makes us out of Conceit with all we already have, a convincing Proof of a future State? Either Man was made in vain, or this is not the only World he was made for: For there cannot be a greater Inſtance of Vanity, than that to which Man is liable, to be deluded from the Cradle to the Grave with fleeting Shadows of Happineſs. His Pleaſures, and thoſe not conſiderable neither, die in the Poſſeſſion, and freſh Enjoyments do not riſe faſt enough to fill up half his Life with Satisfaction. When I ſee Perſons ſick of themſelves any longer than they are called away by ſomething that is of Force to chain down the preſent Thought; when I ſee them hurry from Country to Town, and then from the Town back again into the Country, continually ſhifting Poſtures, and placing Life in all the different Lights they can think of; *Surely* ſay I to my ſelf, *Life is vain, and the Man beyond Expreſſion ſtupid or prejudic'd, who from the Vanity of Life cannot gather, He is deſign'd for Immortality.*

N° 635. *On the large Capacities of the human Soul, and the Perfection of Happineſs for which it is deſign'd.*

Sentio Te ſedem Hominum ac Domum contemplari; quæ ſi tibiparva (ut eſt) ita videtur, hæc cæleſtia ſemper Spectato; illa humana contemnito.

Cicero Somn. Scip.

IF the Univerſe be the Creature of an intelligent Mind, this Mind could have no immediate Regard to himſelf in producing it. He needed not to make Tryal of his Omnipotence, to be informed what Effects were within its Reach: The World as exiſting in his eternal Idea was then as beautiful as now it is drawn forth into Being; and in the immenſe Abyſs of his Eſſence are contained far brighter Scenes than will be ever ſet forth to View; it being impoſſible that the great Author of Nature ſhould bound his own Power by giving Exiſtence to a Syſtem of Creatures ſo perfect that he cannot improve upon it by any other Exertions of his Almighty Will. Between Finite and Infinite there is an unmeaſured Interval, not to be filled up in endleſs Ages; for which Reaſon, the moſt excellent of all God's Works muſt be equally ſhort of what his Power

Power is able to produce as the moſt imperfect, and may be exceeded with the ſame Eaſe.

THIS Thought hath made ſome imagine, (what, it muſt be confeſt, is not impoſſible) that the unfathom'd Space is ever teeming with new Births, the younger ſtill inheriting a greater Perfection than the elder. But as this doth not fall within my preſent View, I ſhall content my ſelf with taking Notice, that the Conſideration now mentioned proves undeniably, that the Ideal Worlds in the Divine Underſtanding yield a Proſpect incomparably more ample, various and delightful than any Created World can do: And that therefore as it is not to be ſuppoſed that God ſhould make a World merely of inanimate Matter, however diverſified; or inhabited only by Creatures of no higher an Order than Brutes; ſo the End for which he deſigned his reaſonable Offſpring is the Contemplation of his Works, the Enjoyment of himſelf, and in both to be happy, having, to this Purpoſe, endowed them with correſpondent Faculties and Deſires. He can have no greater Pleaſure from a bare Review of his Works, than from the Survey of his own Ideas, but we may be aſſured that he is well pleaſed in the Satisfaction derived to Beings capable of it, and, for whoſe Entertainment, he hath erected this immenſe Theatre. Is not this more than an Intimation of our Immortality? Man, who when conſidered as on his Probation for a happy Exiſtence hereafter is the moſt remark-

remarkable Inſtance of Divine Wiſdom; if we cut him off from all Relation to Eternity, is the moſt wonderful and unaccountable Compoſition in the whole Creation. He hath Capacities to lodge a much greater Variety of Knowledge than he will be ever Maſter of, and an unſatisfied Curioſity to tread the ſecret Paths of Nature and Providence: But, with this, his Organs in their preſent Structure, are rather fitted to ſerve the Neceſſities of a vile Body, than to miniſter to his Underſtanding; and from the little Spot to which he is chained, he can frame but wandering Gueſſes concerning the innumerable Worlds of Light that encompaſs him, which, tho' in themſelves of a prodigious Bigneſs, do but juſt glimmer in the remote Spaces of the Heavens; and, when with a great deal of Time and Pains he hath laboured a little way up the ſteep Aſcent of Truth, and beholds with Pity the groveling Multitude beneath, in a Moment, his Foot ſlides, and he tumbles down headlong into the Grave.

THINKING on this, I am obliged to believe, in Juſtice to the Creator of the World, that there is another State when Man ſhall be better ſituated for Contemplation, or rather have it in his Power to remove from Object to Object, and from World to World; and be accommodated with Senſes, and other Helps, for making the quickeſt and moſt amazing Diſcoveries. How doth ſuch a Genius as Sir *Iſaac Newton*, from amidſt the Darkneſs that

involves human Underſtanding, break forth, and appear like one of another Species! The vaſt Machine, we inhabit, lies open to him, he ſeems not unacquainted with the general Laws that govern it; and while with the Tranſport of a Philoſopher he beholds and admires the glorious Work, he is capable of paying at once a more devout and more rational Homage to his Maker. But alas! how narrow is the Proſpect even of ſuch a Mind? and how obſcure to the Compaſs that is taken in by the Ken of an Angel; or of a Soul but newly eſcaped from its Impriſonment in the Body! For my part, I freely indulge my Soul in the Confidence of its future Grandeur; it pleaſes me to think that I who know ſo ſmall a portion of the Works of the Creator, and with ſlow and painful Steps creep up and down on the Surface of this Globe, ſhall e'er long ſhoot away with the Swiftneſs of Imagination, trace out the hidden Springs of Nature's Operations, be able to keep pace with the heavenly Bodies in the Rapidity of their Career, be a Spectator of the long Chain of Events in the natural and moral Worlds, viſit the ſeveral Apartments of the Creation, know how they are furniſhed and how inhabited, comprehend the Order, and meaſure the Magnitudes, and Diſtances of thoſe Orbs, which to us ſeem diſpoſed without any regular Deſign, and ſet all in the ſame Circle; obſerve the Dependance of the Parts of each Syſtem, and (if our Minds are big enough

to graſp the Theory) of the ſeveral Syſtems upon one another, from whence reſults the Harmony of the Univerſe. In Eternity a great deal may be done of this kind. I find it of uſe to cheriſh this generous Ambition; for beſides the ſecret Refreſhment it diffuſes through my Soul, it engages me in an Endeavour to improve my Faculties, as well as to exerciſe them conformably to the Rank I now hold among reaſonable Beings, and the Hope I have of being once advanced to a more exalted Station.

THE other, and that the Ultimate End of Man, is the Enjoyment of God, beyond which he cannot form a Wiſh. Dim at beſt are the Conceptions we have of the Supreme Being, who, as it were, keeps his Creatures in Suſpence, neither diſcovering, nor hiding himſelf; by which means, the Libertine hath a Handle to diſpute his Exiſtence, while the moſt are content to ſpeak him fair, but in their Hearts prefer every trifling Satisfaction to the Favour of their Maker, and ridicule the good Man for the Singularity of his Choice. Will there not a Time come, when the Free-thinker ſhall ſee his impious Schemes overturned, and be made a Convert to the Truths he hates; when deluded Mortals ſhall be convinced of the Folly of their Purſuits, and the few Wiſe who follow'd the Guidance of Heaven, and, ſcorning the Blandiſhments of Senſe and the ſordid Bribery of the World, aſpired, to a celeſtial Abode, ſhall ſtand poſſeſſed of their utmoſt Wiſh

in the Viſion of the Creator? Here the Mind heaves a Thought now and then towards him, and hath ſome tranſient Glances of his Preſence: When, in the Inſtant it thinks it ſelf to have the faſteſt hold, the Object eludes its Expectations, and it falls back tired and baffled to the Ground. Doubtleſs there is ſome more perfect way of converſing with heavenly Beings. Are not Spirits capable of mutual Intelligence, unleſs immerſed in Bodies, or by their Intervention? Muſt ſuperior Natures depend on Inferior for the main Privilege of ſociable Beings, that of converſing with, and knowing each other? What would they have done had matter never been created? I ſuppoſe, not have lived in eternal Solitude. As incorporeal Subſtances are of a nobler Order, ſo be ſure, their manner of Intercourſe is anſwerably more expedite and intimate. This method of Communication, we call Intellectual Viſion, as ſomewhat Analogous to the Senſe of Seeing, which is the Medium of our Acquaintance with this viſible World. And in ſome ſuch Way can God make himſelf the Object of immediate Intuition to the Bleſſed; and as he can 'tis not improbable that he will, always condeſcending, in the Circumſtances of doing it, to the Weakneſs and Proportion of finite minds. His Works but faintly repreſent the Image of his Perfections, 'tis a ſecond-hand Knowledge: To have a juſt Idea of him, it may be neceſſary that we ſee him as he is. But what is that?

that? 'Tis ſomething that never enter'd into the Heart of Man to conceive; yet, what we can eaſily conceive, will be a Fountain of Unſpeakable, of Everlaſting Rapture. All created Glories will fade and die away in his Preſence. Perhaps it will be my Happineſs to compare the World with the fair Exemplar of it in the Divine Mind; perhaps, to view the original Plan of thoſe wiſe Deſigns that have been executing in a long Succeſſion of Ages. Thus employed in finding out his Works, and contemplating their Author, how ſhall I fall proſtrate and adoring, my Body ſwallowed up in the Immenſity of Matter, my Mind in the Infinitude of his Perfections!

LETTERS

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To the Author of the

St. JAMES's JOURNAL.

Nº 10. *A Defence of the* PRESBYTERIANS.

SIR, *Taunton, June* 27, 1722.

I Hope your Readers will pardon me, if for once I beg the favour to entertain them, by taking up a part of your Paper which you could have fill'd much more agreeably yourself; the Occasion of this Request is a Letter of *Cato* in the *London Journal*, of the 16th Instant: * proving, That the Church can be in no Danger from the Dissenters, and therefore need not grudge them their Toleration, or fear giving them the Test Act

Act into the Bargain, which is certainly a very honeſt and obvious Argumemt; but there are ſeveral Paſſages in it which we beg leave to conſider.

"THE Independents, Anabaptiſts, and Quakers, "have, he ſays, much more favourable Opinions "of the National Clergy than of the Preſbyterians, "(the only Rivals for Church-Power) from whom "they apprehend, and have always found much "worſe Uſage than from the Church." This, you muſt know, he ſpeaks out of pure Kindneſs to the Diſſenters, whoſe Intereſt and Peace he hath very much at Heart, and not to ſet them together by the Ears. But the Meaning lies ſo bare, that, 'tis to be hoped, the wiſer part, at leaſt, of every Denomination, will be cautious how they give into the Snare, or by mutual Jealouſies deſtroy that happy Harmony to which they owe all their Credit and Weight as Diſſenters. If there was a Time when the Preſbyterians bore too hard upon thoſe of other Perſuaſions, it ought to be conſidered that this was when the Spirits of the Nation were chafed with civil Diſſenſions, which left them not the Power of thinking ſo coolly of things as they might otherwiſe have done, and was really more the Error of the Times than of the Men; the true Principles of Liberty, both civil and religious, not having been ſtated with that Clearneſs, or defended with that Strength of Argument, then, as they have ſince been by the incomparable Mr. *Locke*

th

the excellent Biſhop of † *Hereford*, and other good Hands. And one Fault ſurely, committed in the Times of Ignorance, may be forgiven; and ought not, in Juſtice, to be imputed to thoſe, who, beſides that they were never perſonally guilty themſelves, are far from juſtifying them that were. Did they not, on the contrary, in the beginning of Queen *Anne*'s Reign, readily concur with the two other Denominations in a Letter to their Friends in *New-England*, in behalf of the Quakers there? Than which Letter, by the way, I hardly know whether I have ſeen any Thing that breathes a better Spirit, or is more handſomely and ſtrongly penn'd on the Side of Liberty, in ſo ſmall a Compaſs. And, if my Memory does not deceive me, the firſt Addreſs to his preſent Majeſty from the Diſſenting Miniſters of the three Denominations, contains a glorious Teſtimony to the ſame Cauſe. All this, methinks, might atone for one Slip, not their own, and merit an Act of perpetual Oblivion. And, of all Men, the Baptiſts and Quakers ſhould be leaſt forward to upbraid the Preſbyterians of this Age with what was done in a former, when they themſelves would reckon it an extreme Hardſhip to be made anſwer for all the Extravagances that have been formerly ſaid or done, by People paſſing un-

† The Reverend and Learned Dr. *Hoadley*, now Biſhop of *Winchester*.

der the ſame Names that they are now known by. There have been Fanaticks, Enthuſiaſts, Knaves, and Perſecutors in all Forms of Religion; but it would be the unjuſteſt thing in the World, to charge whole Bodies with the Faults or Follies of particular Men, and, in ſucceſſive Generations, to imagine, that tho' the Perſons are different, their Characters and Opinions muſt be exactly the ſame. At leaſt, let there be equal Dealing, that if the Failings of their Predeceſſors muſt be placed to the Account of the Modern Preſbyterians, they may be entitled to a Share in their Virtues too; and, upon theſe Terms, they need not be aſhamed of their Name, or bluſh at a Compariſon with their Fellow-Chriſtians of other Diſtinctions. Now I am upon this Head, there is one thing I cannot but remark, as arguing either vile Diſingenuity, or as groſs Ignorance; and that is, that though our Author carefully diſtinguiſhes between the Preſbyterians and the Independants, yet that the former may not want their Load, the Sufferings of ſome in *New-England* on the Score of their Opinions, are laid to their door, while every body knows that the Churches of *New-England* are of the Congregational Way: Which I mention not out of any Prejudice to the Perſons of that Perſuaſion, (ſince as the *American* Independants are now in as generous Sentiments as any of the known Friends to Liberty can be, ſo their Brethren here in *England* did in the Year 1669. expreſs, by Letter, their

Diſlike

Diſlike of all rigorous Proceedings on account of Religious Differences) but to ſhew the Temper of the Man. When he afterwards tells his Readers, that the Preſbyterians are Candidates for Church Dominion, 'tis a ſign he does not know the Men, or their Scheme; there not being one of many, by what I can judge from the Acquaintance I have with them, but is of Opinion, That every particular Church or Society of Chriſtians hath full Power within it ſelf to regulate its own Affairs: nor are their Aſſemblies any Proof of the contrary, being no other than prudential and voluntary Aſſociations of Men, whoſe buſineſs is not to dictate but adviſe, and, at moſt, to agree upon Rules for their own Conduct, not to frame Canons and Decrees for others.

THEIR Prieſts, if his Account of them be true, have Hawks Eyes at the Church-Preferments. And ſo they had need, to ſpy them at ſuch a Diſtance; and if they have the Eyes, I would be glad to know who have the Talons? But when did they diſcover ſuch a Zeal for Preferments? Was it, when ſome of the moſt conſiderable Dignities of the Church were offered to Mr. *Baxter* and others, and refuſed? Was it, when about two thouſand Miniſters left their Places in the Church, becauſe they could not keep them with a good Conſcience? As remarkable an Example of a great Number of Men acting upon Principle, as perhaps any that can be produced

ſince the firſt golden Age of Chriſtianity. Such a noble Contempt did the Fathers expreſs for the Temporalities of the Church, when they muſt either forego them, or reſolve to buy them at the Price of what they held dearer than Life. And wherein have their Sons ſhewn themſelves to be ſo perfectly degenerated from this excellent Pattern? Many among them are not ſo very much inferior to the major part of the eſtabliſh'd Clergy, but that in caſe they were minded to venture in the Church-Lottery, they might have the Chance of a Prize as well as their Neighbours; and, at worſt, might make a better hand of it than they do among the Diſſenters. But, in regard they muſt offer violence to ſomething in their Boſoms, before they can bring themſelves to a Compliance with the preſent Terms of Conformity, they judge it their beſt way to continue where they are, without giving themſelves the Liberty, in the mean while, to cenſure others, who having different Views of the Matter, can very honeſtly go greater Lengths than they are able to do. They are not conſcious to their having forfeited the Teſtimony which King *Charles* the Second formerly gave ſome of the principal Aſſertors of the Preſbyterian Opinions, *viz.* That to his great Satisfaction and Comfort, he found them Perſons full of Affection to him, of Zeal for the Peace of the Church and of the State, and neither Enemies to Epiſcopacy or Liturgy; but modeſtly to deſire ſuch Al-

terations in either, as without ſhaking Foundations, might beſt allay preſent Diſtempers. In ſhort, Inſinuations of Ambition and Worldlineſs in others, unſupported by Facts, if they prove any thing, do only betray the predominant Paſſions of the Man that makes them; and this they do too plainly, for a frank, honeſt Nature is the fartheſt in the World from entertaining or propagating evil Suſpicions of the appearingly Innocent: ſuch a one can eaſily believe that others may have the ſame Indifference to Wealth and Grandeur, and the ſame Averſion to Artifice and Diſguiſe, that he finds in himſelf.

WE agree with the Author of the *Journal*, That the Preſbyterians are too inconſiderable both for Number and Figure, to give the Church any juſt Apprehenſions; but then we beg leave to add, that their Inclination to diſturb the Eſtabliſhment is even leſs, much leſs than their Power. They are well content that the eſtabliſh'd Church, as the Favourite Daughter, ſhould carry away the Fortune; nor do they envy Her her Beauty, tho' they think it would appear with never the leſs Advantage, if ſhe dreſs'd ſomewhat more plainly. There is farther, I doubt, too much Truth in the Obſervation, That when any grow rich, and leave Eſtates behind them, their Sons, for the moſt part, deſert the Diſſenting Congregations and Intereſt: But how is this more to their Reproach, than it was to St. *Paul's*, that *Demas* forſook him out of Love to the preſent World?

World? That their Cauſe hath the Fate to be eſpouſed by ſo few of the great Men of the World, doth not at all leſſen it in their own Eſteem; for tho' *Bellarmine* makes Numbers and external Splendor, Marks of the true Church, I do not remember that any Proteſtant Divine or Layman hath advanced ſuch an Aſſertion. He compliments the Non-Subſcribers with being the moſt conſiderable for Fortune and Underſtanding; how deſervedly, let thoſe judge who are beſt able. I fancy they will hardly take it for ſo great a Compliment to their Underſtandings what he ſubjoins, that by degrees many of theſe will in all Probability come into the Church: All I can ſay, if they do ſo, is that they will act even more inconſequentially than *Cato* reaſons. His Reflections on the Church of *Scotland* have ſo little of Juſtice or Good-Manners in them, that he ſeems to have forgotten that the Form of Government in that part of *Great Britain*, is as much the Legal Eſtabliſhment, as Epiſcopacy is here; and to be in a Diſpoſition to attempt, what he ſaith no wiſe Man would, the removing of the ancient Land-Marks. The Truth of what he aſſerts concerning the Sacramental Teſt, I ſhall not trouble my ſelf to diſpute; I would only improve it as an Argument of the Diſintereſtedneſs of the Preſbyterians, in that their Concern for the Repeal of this Act, by which, we have *Cato*'s Authority, they would be no Gainers, but Loſers, can be juſtly attributed

tributed to nothing else but a Regard to the Honour of Religion and the Nation, which, they apprehend, suffers not a little by the Prostitution of this solemn Action; and to a Principle of Benevolence towards their Protestant Brethren and Fellow-Subjects, whom they are desirous to have placed upon the same foot with themselves for Preferment.

Before I conclude, I would beg the Reader to look back on the general Character and Behaviour of our Fault-finder. He first attack'd the Clergy in a most outragious manner, professedly those of the High Sort only, but more covertly the whole Order; in honour of whom he observes, that any common Mechanick may perform what are usually reckoned the most peculiar Parts of their Office, such as Preaching and Administring the Lord's-Supper; so great is this Gentleman's Fear, lest the Distinction should drop between the Clergy and Laity in the Christian Church! That they are the Almsmen of the People; such is their Dignity! And, as an Instance of their Usefulness, and even Necessity to the World, that tho' there have been near a Million of them kept in constant Pay for the best part of seventeen hundred Years, to teach the World by their Precepts, and to reform it by their Examples; yet they will not pretend that Religion is plainer, the Scriptures better understood, or that Mankind are more wise or virtuous for all their

their Inſtructions. His next Step was to revile and libel human Nature, in his Draught of which he copied after good Mr. *Hobbes*, deſcribing all Men as Knaves in Principle and Inclination, and virtuous only when they cannot help it, or are under no Temptation to be otherwiſe: This is his Cant in ſeveral of the Journals. Then the Government is ſo unhappy as to fall under his Diſpleaſure, which, like a good Subject of King *George*, and one that does all he can to expoſe the Unreaſonableneſs of the Diſaffection and Prejudice conceived againſt him, he repreſents as engaged in a Conſpiracy to deſtroy the Liberties of the Nation; of which good Service of his there is no queſtion, the Adminiſtration retains a grateful Remembrance. After this he flies at lower Game, and lays his dreadful Paw on the poor Preſbyterians, ſome imagine, with a deſign to make his Peace with the Church, as in the former Journal he broke off from his antient Allies the Republicans, to make his Court to the Monarchy. There were at *Athens* a ſort of refuſe People, whom they called καθαρμαῖα and περιψημαῖα, as eſteeming them good for little elſe but to be ſacrificed and flung into the Sea, to reconcile and propitiate the Gods to others. The Preſbyterians have been often put to a like Uſe. This Inclination of our Author to draw upon every one that comes in his way, or rather, like a true Knight-Errant as he is, to ramble out of it in queſt of Adventures, brings to mind

a witty Epitaph, that I have met with, on the famous *Aretin*, written in *Italian*, and thus tranſlated into *Engliſh*:

Here lies a Man that no Man ſpar'd,
When th' angry Fit was on him,
Nor God himſelf had better far'd,
If Aretin *had known him.*

I am, SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant.

N. B. THE Princes of thoſe Times were ſo gaul'd by *Aretin*'s ſatyrical Writings, that, as the Hiſtorian takes notice, he came to be better known by the Title of the Scourge of Princes, than under the Name of *Aretin*. He made Kings tributary to him by his Pen, glad that they could ſo redeem themſelves. It is not impoſſible but a certain Scribbler among us may flatter himſelf with Hopes of becoming formidable the ſame way, and obliging his Superiors to purchaſe Peace of him upon his own Terms; which he will be never likely to do, as long as there is any difference between Ill-Nature and Wit, and between Calumny and Truth.

N° 16. *Of the Origin and Extent of* CIVIL POWER.

SIR, *Taunton, Auguſt* 1, 1722.

AMONG our Political Writers, two Parties have diſtinguiſhed themſelves concerning the Original and Extent of Civil Power, the Popular and the Patriarchal; Thoſe who aſſert all Power to be a Gift of the People transferring the Power, which Nature had veſted ſeverally in them, into ſome publick Hand, to be employ'd for the Good of the Community; and Thoſe that derive it from God, by an immediate and poſitive Grant to the firſt Man, from whom it deſcended to his next Heir, and ſo downward, in a lineal Succeſſion, as far as the changeable Nature of human things, and the Reaſons of Providence would permit. There may, poſſibly, be Advantages peculiar to each of theſe Schemes; and, whether the Patrons of them will own it or no, there are Difficulties and Objections too that embarraſs both: tho' I verily believe, abundantly more, and more ſhocking, that of the Hereditary-Indefeaſable-Right-Men, than the other. Now if there be any third Hypotheſis, which, having

having the main Advantages of theſe two, provides againſt the Ill-Conſequences of each, it ought certainly to have the Preference, by whatſoever Hand it happens to be offer'd. I am miſtaken if the following does not bid fair for it. The Hypotheſis, in ſhort, is this, That all Power is directly from God, not by poſitive Appointment; but, as He is pleas'd to ſignify his Sovereign Will by the Nature of things, leaving it to the Choice and Diſcretion of People, among whom Governments are not yet eſtabliſh'd, in what Form, by what Perſons, and on what Conditions, this Power ſhall be exerciſed. The Power it ſelf flows from the Will of the Creator, declared with that Plainneſs and Evidence, that no Part of Mankind can be ignorant of it. The leaſt Reflection diſcovers it.

AND here before I paſs any farther, I muſt deſire my Reader to look back to the Diſtinction juſt mention'd between a *Poſitive Appointment of God*, and the *Will of God as ſignify'd by the Nature of things*; becauſe a little Explanation of this Diſtinction may be of uſe to let him more fully into my Meaning. A poſitive Appointment of God is the ſame as the Will of God, reſpecting the Conduct or Duty of his Creatures, in ſome particular Inſtance, made known to them not immediately by the Light of their own Reaſon, but by a ſupervening Revelation, like that we Chriſtians believe to be contained in the Books of the Old and New Teſtament. Eve-

ry Injunction or Command of theſe Sacred Writings about which human Reaſon is ſilent, or which we ſhould not have come to the Knowledge of but in this ſupernatural Way, is a poſitive Appointment, and, properly ſpeaking, nothing elſe. By the Nature of Things I underſtand the Frame and Conſtitution of Man, his Body and his Mind, and of the World about him, the various Relations and Circumſtances in which Men are capable of being placed, together with the Tendencies and Effects of human Actions in this Variety of Relations, both with regard to the Agent himſelf, and to others. Whatever moral Concluſion or Rules of Practice can be gathered from an accurate Survey of theſe things, the Nature of Things may properly be ſaid to ſignify or diſcover, and are as truly *Divine Laws*, as if they were in ſo many Words and Syllables to be found in ſome written Revelation. Why are the Doctrines and Laws that compoſe ſuch a Revelation look'd on as Divine, or from God, but becauſe God is the Author of that Revelation? Now that God is the Author of Nature, (or, which is the ſame, that all Things receive their Exiſtence and Powers from God, and are by him directed and over-ruled in all the Events which they give birth to in the Courſe of Time) is not leſs evident than it can be ever made concerning any Revelation, that God is the Author of it. And muſt not the Author of Nature be the Author of thoſe practical Propoſition

ſitions that reſult from a Contemplation of Nature, in the ſame Propriety of Senſe as the Author of a Revelation is the Author of all the Truths which that Revelation delivers? It matters not what the Signs are which the Supreme Being chuſes for the Indications of his Pleaſure, whether Words or Things: Have theſe Signs one plain and determinate Meaning? If ſo, the Divine Will is equally manifeſt in either Caſe. Whoever takes the Force of this Way of Arguing, will without farther Trouble perceive the Reaſon of aſſigning a Divine Original to Civil Power; provided by the Nature of Things, that is of Mankind, and of human Society, we are ſufficiently inſtructed in the Degree of Power which it is fit the Heads of Society ſhould be truſted with: which is the Thing I undertake to ſhew.

NOTHING is more eaſy than to aſſign the Rate or Meaſure of that Power which in a State of Nature every man is poſſeſſed of. It is exactly ſo much, and no more, as every Man finds neceſſary to his own Preſervation and Happineſs, conſiſtently with the Preſervation and Happineſs of the reſt of the Species. He that gave me Being did, together with that, confer a Right, not only of defending, but adorning, enriching, and accommodating that Being; God cannot but deſign, and be well pleaſed with the Safety and Perfection of his own Work. This, which, in a larger Senſe, may be ſtiled Self-Pre-

Preſervation, is plainly a natural Right. But then as I and all other Men had the ſame Author of Exiſtence, I cannot be ſuppoſed to have any Right, but every other Man muſt have the ſame; and conſequently the Preſervation and Well-being, not of this or that, but of every Man, is the End propoſed by their common Maker and Lord. From whence the next Inference is, That no particular Perſon may purſue his private Intereſt, but in ſuch Ways, and by ſuch Actions as are reconcileable with the general Good of Mankind. The Reaſon is, that in any other Way, and by any other Actions, he muſt contradict the Intention of his Maker; which, undoubtedly, no one can have a Right to do. This alone overturns Mr. *Hobbes*'s imaginary State of Nature, in which every Man hath a Right to every thing; the moſt abſurd and ſelf-repugnant Notion that ever Politician ſtarted, and which the Parent of it would have ſtifled in the Birth as a monſtrous Conception, if he had known in what to found that lawleſs Dominion, with which he was reſolv'd to compliment his *Leviathan*, but in a like boundleſs and exorbitant Right of Nature.

FROM a State of Nature, let us paſs into Civil Society, and apply what hath been ſaid of the one to the Illuſtration of the other. It being firſt proved, or granted, to be the Will of the Supreme Being, that Mankind ſhould incorporate themſelves into

Bodies

Bodies Politick (with the ſame Evidence that Self-Preſervation, as before explained, appears to be the Original Right of every Individual) it follows, that every diſtinct Society or Body Politick hath full Power and Authority to make uſe of all thoſe Methods which carry in them a likelihood of promoting its Welfare, without any Injury thereby offered to other Societies; all independent Societies having the ſame Right to ſubſiſt and flouriſh that any one can have: which they can no otherwiſe do, than by fixing upon ſuch Meaſures as are at leaſt inoffenſive to all, tho' advantageous, it may be, but to one or two. The Man who is his own Judge (as every one is, that is ſubject to no other Laws but thoſe of Nature) reaſons thus with himſelf: On the faireſt Examination of the Matter, I do not apprehend how I ſhall ſecure my ſelf but by doing this or that; I therefore conclude my ſelf to have the Permiſſion, and even Command, of God to do it. In like manner they, to whom the Conduct of a Society is committed, may argue the Juſtice of any Laws, or Reſolves, from their Subſerviency to the Preſervation and Support of that Society. The Will of God is as manifeſt in this latter Caſe, as in the former, or rather more ſo, in that the Welfare of a Society is of vaſtly greater Importance than the Fate of a ſingle Man can be.

I HOPE by this time the Reader is fully apprized of my Notion, and ſees wherein it is diſtinguiſhed

guiſhed from the two before mentioned; from the Popular one it differs, in aſſerting God to be the immediate Donor or Fountain of Civil Power; and both from that and the Patriarchal, in this, that, when ſearching after the Will of God, it does not run back to the Original, or any former State of Things, but only conſiders in what way the general Good is beſt promoted, and by this one Conſideration cuts off all other Enquiries. If I have ſaid any thing of the State of Nature, it was not in order to deduce Civil Power from thence, but only by way of Illuſtration and Compariſon, and to ſhew that the Preſervation and Happineſs of a Political Body is the ſole Foundation of Political Power, juſt as the Power of the Individual, out of Society, is founded in the Law of Self-Preſervation.

HERE then we have a deciſive Rule, here we may fix our Foot; Civil Power, where-ever lodged, is *Jure Divino*, and extends to the doing every thing which the Good of the State requires, and no farther. If the Magiſtrate advance but a Step beyond this, the Ground fails him, and he hath no Foundation left to ſupport his Authority. The following are ſome of the Conſiderations that recommend the Hypotheſis now laid down.

THE Manner of deriving Power from this Original is intelligible to all, even thoſe of the meaneſt Capacities. All muſt acknowledge it agreeable to Reaſon, that conſidering the preſent Conſtituti

of human Nature, and Circumſtances of human Life, Men ſhould unite together in Societies, if not exiſting in ſuch Combinations before, and that, theſe Societies once formed, the governing Part of them ſhould have all that Power that can be deſired for the right ordering the Affairs of the Commonwealth, and anſwering the great Ends of Government: this all can ſee to be highly agreeable to Reaſon; nor need they farther be told, that what is agreeable to Reaſon, is agreeable to the Will of God. Reaſon is the only univerſal Interpreter of the Divine Will; whatever that ſpeaks to Mankind, it ſpeaks in his Name, who is the great Author and Fountain of Reaſon. To the Enquiry, Who gave the Magiſtrate his Power? The Anſwer then is eaſy, That whatever makes the Magiſtrate, whether Election or Inheritance, God gives him his Power. Every one can underſtand this, who is capable of underſtanding plain Reaſon: whereas the pretended Donation to *Adam* firſt, and afterwards to *Noah* and his Heirs, is liable to a thouſand Diſputes, which are likely to have no end but with the World; and for the other way of tracing Civil Power, to the Power every Man hath in a State of Nature, 'tis more round about than this, and, by that means, leſs obvious to common View. If, for the Satisfaction of a plain Countryman, that queſtioned any Power his Governours had to enact certain Laws under ſuch and ſuch Penalties, you ſhould obſerve to him, That 'tis

no other than what he and the other Members of the Society had ſtripped themſelves of, to make a Preſent of it to the Magiſtrate, he would hardly comprehend your Meaning: But, now, tell him, that the Publick Good renders it neceſſary, of which, in many Caſes, his Superiours are the beſt Judges, and he preſently perceives what you would be at, and is ſooner convinced that you talk Reaſon.

I AM ſenſible that in our enlighten'd Age, and among many of my Fellow-Subjects, ſuch a Suppoſition as this, That their Governors ſtanding upon higher Ground than they, may ſometimes ſee farther, is hardly to be made. They ſcorn an implicite Faith, and will not allow any thing to be well done of which they do'nt clearly diſcern the Reaſon. The truth is, we are become a Nation of Politicians: Every Three Half-penny Author, or Coffee-houſe Orator, is fit to be of the Privy-Council, and, if he were adviſed with, would quickly ſet Matters upon a better foot. *Cineas*, in his Account of the *Roman* Senate, tells his Maſter *Pyrrhus*, that it looked like an Aſſembly of Kings. Should a Stranger come into many of our Coffee-houſes, and obſerve with what a ſolemn Air and magiſterial Tone the Company criticize the publick Adminiſtration, what could he imagine but that every Board was filled with Stateſmen, impatient to diſplay their fine Talents in the Service of the Publick, and retrieve dying Liberty? I heartily congratulate my Country

on this Increaſe of Wiſe Heads; however, would recommend to their Conſideration the following ingenious Fable. The Fable I borrow from *de la Motte*, the Moral of it is new.

A SHIP, loaden with a whole People of Apes, was juſt come into Port, a ſort of Commodity for which there was a very great Demand. Our Baboon Merchants were gone into the City to advertiſe what they had to ſell, the Men making merry aſhore, and none but the Apes left behind in the Ship. Their Dean, a Perſon of uncommon Sufficiency, riſing ſlow, ſpeaks to this effect: "Com-" rades, *ſaith he*, I have a Thought in my Head, " which may be for the general Good; what if " we took this Opportunity to make our Eſcape out " of Slavery? the Occaſion is inviting, by all means " let us improve it. You have been Eye-witneſſes " to the Manner of governing the Winds and " Waves; let our firſt Eſſay be this Maſter-piece " of Art, I will be the Pilot, and you ſhall be the " Mariners." "A lucky Contrivance! *cry'd the* "*whole Aſſembly*, let us about it immediately: Li-" berty! Liberty!" In the Inſtant you might have ſeen the Ship under Sail, and ſcudding along before the Wind: 'Twas pleaſant enough to obſerve the buſy Croud running from Yard to Yard, and climbing up the Maſts; while the old Ape, placing himſelf at the Helm, affected the Grimace of a thoughtful Pilot. By his Gravity you would have

taken him for another *Cato*: " Meſſieurs, *ſaith he*, " there's a Storm coming, the Clouds yonder hang " low, and the Face of the Deep looks black and " frowning; I doubt we ſhall have but an ill time " on't, however don't be diſcouraged." He was right enough as to the Storm, but for what he hinted of his Art, it was a different Caſe. In a Moment the Winds let looſe their Rage, and the Thunders ratling about their Ears, put the poor Crew in a terrible Fright to think there was but a Finger's breadth or two between them and Death. Yet what they had formerly ſeen the Seamen do in a like Diſtreſs, they attempted to imitate; but ſhewed themſelves to be errant Bunglers at the Trade: Should the Sails be lowered; they do the quite contrary: Inſtead of avoiding the Rocks, they run directly upon them. To what purpoſe is all their blind Induſtry? The Veſſel ſtrikes, breaks to pieces before their Eyes, and the whole Colony of Simpletons ſinks at once in the Abyſs.

You Apes of Politicians! ſee here what the Fate of the Ship would be, if left to your Management! The firſt Storm that happened, there would be an end of your Art and You.

N° 17. *Of the Origin and Extent of* Civil Power.

THAT Political Power is from God, in oppoſition to Thoſe who ſuppoſe it to be a Gift of the People; and that it is from him, not by way of poſitive Donation to the firſt Man from whom it is tranſmitted in the manner of an Inheritance to his Poſterity, but, as declaring his will by the Nature of things, ſo that the Publick Good is the Rule by which we are to judge of the Divine Will and of Civil Power; hath been ſhewn in a former Paper. I then propos'd to offer ſome Conſiderations in favour of this Opinion. One of which I have mention'd already. I ſhall now add ſome others.

In what way civil Polities had their Riſe, is a Queſtion of Fact, not more obſcure than needleſs upon the preſent Hypotheſis. For, however decided, or if not decided at all, it makes no odds in this Caſe. Let thoſe that have Leiſure and Inclination, continue to diſpute, Whether Men were ever in a State of Nature, and by common Conſultation and Agreement exchanged that for a Political State; or Magiſtracy roſe inſenſibly out of Paternal Dominion, following the Order of Primogeniture, ſo that

that Mankind were always born under Government? Let them, I ſay, diſpute whether either, or both of theſe, or any other Way, ought to be pitch'd on for the firſt Formation of Societies; and after all, let them agree or differ upon the Point; 'tis certain and demonſtrable, that every Society hath a Right to preſerve it ſelf, and ſo much Power inherent in it as ſerves to this end, and no more. Which leads me to another Obſervation:

THAT the Bounds of Sovereign Power, and the Submiſſion to be paid to it, are better aſcertain'd and mark'd out by the help of this than of either of the other Schemes. Suppoſing, for Argument's ſake, ſuch a Grant to the firſt Parent of Mankind as ſome contend for, it was either unlimited, or reſtrain'd. If the Power beſtow'd was unlimited, it lies upon them who ſay ſo, to prove their Aſſertion, and to prove it too by the moſt convincing Arguments; ſince Mankind are too tenacious of their Liberties to ſurrender them up without being compell'd to it either by external Force, or irreſiſtible Reaſons. Now, for any ſuch Reaſons, I deſpair of ever ſeeing them, and they muſt be violently attached to an Opinion, who fancy, that any yet produced, are of this kind. If the Grant has any Reſtrictions added to it, we muſt beg the Aſſiſtance in diſcovering what they are, ſince they have too much Contempt for our Sovereign Lord the People, to give us leave to eſtimate the Sup-

prem

preme Power by what is beneficial for them. The Power accompanying the ſuppoſed State of Nature cannot be a juſt Standard of the Civil Power, for this Reaſon, That 'tis notorious, theſe two have not always the ſame Limits, but are each of them, in different Inſtances, more extenſive than the other; which proceeds from hence, that to the Preſervation of a Society more Power is ſometimes neceſſary than to the Preſervation of the Individual, at other times leſs. Out of Society, the ſevereſt Puniſhment of a ſmall Injury may, in ſome Circumſtances, be juſtifiable, becauſe neceſſary to prevent a greater; while, in Society, where ſufficient Caution may be taken without going to ſuch Extremities, the ſame may be unreaſonable. Here the Power of the Individual exceeds that of the Society. But, in moſt Caſes, 'tis the Reverſe of this, and the Authority of Civil Governments reaches to many things not within the Compaſs of a private Power. That Man would uſurp a Power that did not belong to him, who, in a State of Diſunion and Independance, ſhould take upon him to puniſh Drunkenneſs, idle and riotous Lying, Swearing, Gaming, Whoredom between Perſons at their own Diſpoſal, *&c.* all which, notwithſtanding, have been puniſhed by the Laws of ſeveral States, and that juſtly too, becauſe of the ill Influence theſe, and ſuch like Vices, have upon the Peace and good Order of Society. And as in ſome Caſes. Vices, not puniſhable in a State of

of Nature, may be cognizable in Society, ſo in others the Penalty may be aggravated and enlarged. It would be hard to prove that, in a State of Nature, the Children may be made to ſuffer in any degree or reſpect, that is avoidable, for the Miſbehaviour of their Parents; and yet we know this is practiſed in many Parts of the World, where, for Treaſon, the Children of the Delinquent are deprived of their Inheritance, and have ſometimes been declared incapable of all future Honours. It is enough to warrant any ſuch Penalties, if it can be ſhewn that the Publick Good renders them expedient. Purſue the ſame Principle, and you will be obliged to own that the Supreme Power can never be abſolute, or of ſuch a Nature that, however exerted, though to the Deſtruction of the Lives and Properties of the Subject, the Subject hath no other Remedy permitted him but Patience. Civil Power is unavoidably confined within certain Bounds; it cannot riſe above its Fountain, the general Good. So that, unleſs it could be made appear, that it is more for the Benefit of States and Kingdoms to be under Deſpotick Rule, than to have a Liberty, in extreme Caſes, of appealing to Force, ſuch an Appeal, in ſuch Caſes, muſt be allow'd them, or, without being allow'd will very warrantably be taken. Now, if they pleaſe, we will venture it upon this Iſſue, and according as after a juſt Compariſon from Hiſtory and Experience, we find Free Men

or

or Slaves to be in the happier Condition, will decide in favour of Reſiſtance or Non-Reſiſtance. A regard to one's Country ought to be ſuperiour to all private and particular Obligations; from this muſt flow the Reſpect and Obedience due to Princes themſelves: for upon Suppoſition Societies might do better without Government than with it, this Subordination among Mankind, of many to a few, ought, as ſoon as poſſible, to be aboliſhed. This Obſervation may ſatisfy All but Thoſe who are reſolved not to be ſatisfy'd, that Paſſive Obedidience, in all Caſes whatſoever, is very unlikely to be a Doctrine belonging to Revelation; ſo very unlikely, that it ought not to be received for ſuch, unleſs frequently delivered, in the moſt expreſs Terms, and thoſe too not capable of any other reaſonable Conſtruction. Reveal'd Religion is built upon Natural; no wiſe and conſiderate Man therefore will be in haſte to give the Character of Divine to any Doctrine that inverts the Order of Natural Duties, as this of Abſolute Power manifeſtly does, ſubjecting the Greater to the Leſs, the Whole to an inconſiderable Part, the End to the Means. The Prince is but one of many Thouſands or Millions, his Pleaſure of ſmall Moment, in compariſon of the Intereſt of the Commonwealth, and his Authority deſign'd only as a Means of ſecuring the general Tranquility. All that Chriſtianity does, is to enforce the Obligations which, by virtue of the

Relations they ſtand in to each other, Men were before under. Yet (which ought to be carefully remarked) Authority and Submiſſion are not ſuch exact Talleys to one another, but that where the Sovereign goes beyond the Bounds of his Authority, the Subject may be obliged to follow him with his Submiſſion; the common Good being the invariable Rule to both. It is not every ſuppos'd or even real Grievance that will juſtify Faction and Mutiny, much leſs change Rebellion into lawful Reſiſtance. If the Ground of Complaint be a Misfortune rather than a Fault, ariſing from an unuſual Complication of Cauſes, and the Contingency of human Affairs; this Want of Foreſight may well be forgiven to any Adminiſtration; nor ſhould that Charity be deny'd to the Truſtees of the Commonwealth, which every private Man, that means well and is unfortunate, may challenge. Where the Error is leſs excuſable, yet not obſtinately defended or repeated, it ſhould be generouſly forgotten. Yea, though the Miſmanagements are more numerous, of wider Extent and more pernicious Influence, ſtill, if they are not in eſſential Points, if they are ſufferable, if having recourſe to violent Remedies will endanger the Life of the State more than leaving it to Time and the Conſtitution to repel the Venom of the Diſeaſe, cannot be made a Controverſy what every Man ſhould, and what every honeſt Man will eſteem his Duty in this Situation. Farther,

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THIS accounts for thoſe extraordinary Steps which a Government is ſometimes neceſſitated to take in compliance with ſudden Emergencies, which could not be foreſeen, or not ſo well guarded againſt. It is not indeed fit that certain Caſes ſhould be put by way of Suppoſition beforehand, becauſe 'tis to be hoped they will never happen, or when they do, they will ſufficiently explain themſelves. The Conſtitution is a ſacred Thing: Agreed; and therefore, ſay you, not to be deviated from in the minuteſt Particular; rather, ſay I, ought to be made free with in ſome Junctures by thoſe that have a Love for it, and would ſave it from Ruin, or from the evident Danger of it. Our Veneration ought not to be for Names but Things. It is not in the Choice of any Society, or the Legiſlators and Repreſentatives of it, ſo to tie up their Hands by any Acts and Settlements of their own, that it ſhall be for ever after unlawful to break through them for the ſake of the publick Safety. *Salus Populi ſuprema Lex eſto.* This is a Divine Law, by which all other, merely Human, Laws are to be controlled, qualified, or interpreted. The *Athenians*, on a certain time, lodged a thouſand Talents in the Citadel, making it criminal to propoſe or order the employing this Money on any other Occaſion but the repelling of an hoſtile Fleet, that ſhould attempt a Deſcent upon their Coaſts; which notwithſtanding, they themſelves, alarmed at the Revolt of

the Inhabitants of *Chios*, did not ſcruple to revoke this Decree. And does any one imagine they were herein to blame? But then the Neceſſity of the Caſe ought to be very apparent, that there may be no Handle given for drawing what is done into Precedent, when there is no ſuch Neceſſity; a thing of the moſt dangerous Conſequence! ſuch a Neceſſity, I ſhould think, all the Well-wiſhers to the preſent happy Eſtabliſhment, and the Liberties of their Country, muſt acknowledge to have been for the Septennial Act. The Continuance of it unrepealed, whether adviſeable or not, I meddle not with; but leave it to the Wiſdom of the preſent Parliament, when it ſhall ſit, to determine the Matter; not precluding others, that are better able, from giving their Opinion, which they may do and welcome, provided their Zeal or Confidence of being in the right, does not make them forget their Duty. There was a Law among the antient *Britons*, that no one ſhould ſpeak of the Commonwealth, and of publick Affairs but in Council or Parliament; this was certainly carrying the Matter too far. Every Man ought to have the Privilege of a freeborn Subject, to ſpeak his Mind, not forgetting, however, that he ought not to obtrude his Advice upon thoſe that do not want it, and ſhould keep within the Bounds of Decency; in which, I muſt needs ſay, many of our modern Dealers in Politicks, and particularly ſome of the

Journaliſts

Journaliſts, ſeem to me to have been ſhamefully wanting; who, if one were to gueſs at the Quality of the Men by that of their Writings, muſt be deemed to be of the loweſt of the People, and as great Strangers to good Breeding, as all of them are to good Temper, and ſome of them to good Senſe. To add no more;

THE Character of the Magiſtrate is more ſtrongly fenced, and guarded, by this Notion, than by the popular one. His Authority is more viſibly divine, his Perſon more venerable, and the Conſcience of the Subject held under greater Awe. His Subjects may nominate him, and they do no more; Heaven delivers the Enſigns of Power, and Sword of Juſtice, into his Hand, and clothes him with Imperial Dignity. When Men are taught to look not only upon the Magiſtrate, but upon Magiſtracy as their Creature, and to believe that their Princes and Rulers have no Power but what they have graciouſly given them, the more unthinking ſort will be apt, upon the leaſt Reſentment, to treat them with very little Ceremony: Like thoſe wiſe People, that firſt make their Gods, and then, if they are ſullen, and won't gratify them in every Requeſt, from Prayers fall to Menaces, and from Menaces to rougher Methods, in hopes they ſhall either beat or fright them into a better Humour. So we are told the Votaries of a certain Saint did lately; whom, becauſe it happened to rain at the time

time they were carrying him in Proceſſion, to procure dry Weather, they very civilly threw him into the River. The Guilt of Rebellion, will, by ſuch, be thought to amount to no more than a Breach of Promiſe. The Scripture Style, according to which the Magiſtrate is the Miniſter of God for Good, does much more clearly point out the Ground of thoſe Duties which Scripture and Reaſon do jointly command; ſuch as not ſpeaking evil of Dignities, obeying Magiſtrates, being ſubject to the Higher Powers, not only for Wrath, but Conſcience-ſake; becauſe *the Powers that be, are ordained of God; and whoſoever reſiſteth the Power, reſiſteth the Ordinance of God, and ſhall receive to himſelf Damnation.*

N° 42. *A Defence of the* LIBERTY *of the* WILL.

SIR,

THE Author of the *Britiſh Journal* will, I hope, forgive me, when I declare my ſelf to have had ſo little Curioſity to know the Subject of his Papers, that, to this Moment, I ſhou'd hardly have look'd into them, if, by accident, I had not underſtood that, inſtead of *Cato* with his Politicks, *Diogenes* had of late been reading Lectures of Philoſopy from his Tub, and inſtructing the Publick in a Point, about which, if his Notion be right, it were much better for Mankind to continue ignorant and miſtaken. That Man is a mere Machine, and all his Actions, good and bad, wiſe and fooliſh, fatally determin'd, I always thought a moſt extravagant Aſſertion, and ſhould have been ſurpriz'd to hear it from any but Men who have been too long at war with common Senſe, to leave us room to wonder at any Contradiction or Abſurdity, however groſs, which they ſhall think fit to eſpouſe.

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THE firſt Reflection this occaſion'd was on the odd Jumble which the Ideas of Political Liberty and Moral Neceſſity make in the Heads and Writings of theſe Men. Freedom is a moſt glorious Thing in the Commonwealth, the natural Right of Mankind, who cannot be too jealous of it, nor go too far in ſecuring it; in human Actions Freedom is a Chimera, an Impoſſibility: But, if this be Truth, why ſo angry with Thoſe above you for not managing Affairs to your liking, ſince they themſelves are as very Slaves as you can be, and all their Motions, like thoſe of other Parcels of Matter, are according to the Force impreſs'd, and in the ſame Direction? In truth, following this Scheme of Things, the Parallel is but too obvious between Almighty God and the Maſter of a Puppet-Show. This latter, from the deſpotick Power he hath over his little People, makes them agree or differ, act now one part, immediately after a quite contrary, juſt as he pleaſes. For example, we will ſuppoſe him to entertain his Cuſtomers with the Repreſentation of a Government diſtreſs'd by Factions and popular Diſcontents. The ſage Monarch ſuſtains his Character ſo well, as to merit the Title of the Father of his Country; his Miniſters are wakeful for the Publick Good, and equal to their reſpective Poſts, notwithſtanding which, Whiſpers are ſpread among the Crowd of they know not what imaginary Grievances: the *T*——*s*, the *H*——*s*, and the

the whole Tribe of Demagogues fill up the Cry of Male-Adminiſtration; and at the ſame time that they are thus opening againſt the State, ſome from among themſelves ſtart up, and very wiſely obſerve that they are all, from the King to the Cobler, but a Company of wooden Heads pull'd this way or that, at the Diſcretion of the Man behind the Curtain: however, that 'tis even beyond the Patience of a Piece of Timber to bear ſuch Inſults and Provocations as they have met with. Tell me, now, wherein the Affairs of Mankind, their Wars, their Treaties and Negotiations, their Intrigues and Conſpiracies differ, as to the main, from this ludicrous and fantaſtick Scene? and what we muſt think of that Being, who, for his Diverſion, brings us on the Stage, and idly plays us one againſt the other?

I NEXT conſider'd with my ſelf what valuable End our Tub-Philoſopher could propoſe in writing after this manner, and whence his Zeal for ſuch an ill-favour'd Doctrine. It muſt certainly be of the laſt Importance to Mankind, a uſeful Diſcovery, and adapted to ſerve the Intereſts of Religion and Virtue. And, if this be the Caſe, 'tis pity it ſhould remain a Secret. But, that we may not be too credulous, let us make a little Trial of it. Here's a Man ſtrongly tempted to play the Knave; but, believing himſelf Maſter of his own Actions, and anſwerable for them, he is ſecretly reſtrain'd thro' Shame of the Foulneſs of the Crime, or Fear of its

Conſequences, in an After-Life. Whether he be free, or no, matters not. He imagines that he is free, and ſhall deſerve Blame and Puniſhment, if he does any thing injurious to his Fellow-Creatures, or diſhonourable to his Maker; and by this Thought he is aw'd, and kept within ſome Bounds. This is Conſcience; a Perſuaſion of the natural and intrinſick Differences of Good and Evil, and of our own Liberty to chuſe one or t'other: which inward Perſuaſion fills the Mind with Joy or Sorrow, Hope or Fear, Confidence or Shame, according as we apprehend our ſelves to have made a right or a wrong Uſe of our Freedom in obſerving or neglecting theſe eſſential and everlaſting Differences of Things. Let us now put the Suppoſition, the other way, of a Perſon in the ſame Circumſtances as the former, but not under the ſame Reſtraint. Is he hir'd to write a Libel, or commit a Murder? He eſteems himſelf as, properly, no more chargeable with theſe Actions than the Pen or the Sword he employs in them. He directs theſe, while he himſelf is directed by a higher Hand. He is but the *Amanuenſis* or Executioner of Fate. As long as he hath this View of the Caſe, what is there left to be a Check upon his Inclinations? What room for Conſcience to terrify or reproach him? With this Apology at hand, will he not readily follow Appetite and Paſſion, where it can be done with Safety, and execute whatever a preſent Intereſt ſhall dictate? *Cato* had

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deſcrib'd Mankind as a Race of low, ſelfiſh and miſchievous Beings, void of all Principles of Conſcience or Honour. After him comes *Diogenes*, and gravely tells them that a Knave can no more help being what he is, than a Fool; the Expreſſion of a natural Rogue being altogether as proper as of a natural Fool, tho' not quite ſo common. And is not Society extremely obliged to this Claſs of Writers, and in a likely way to flouriſh upon their Principles?

BUT, that the Letter-Writer may not think I am begging quarter for an Opinion which I deſpair of defending, I ſhall now proceed to give him one Reaſon, among many, why I believe Man to be a free Agent, and poſſeſs'd of a ſelf-determining Power. He himſelf allows of a ſupreme and ſelf-exiſtent Being, perfectly juſt, and wiſe, and good, the Maker and Governour of the World. Now upon this ſingle Conceſſion I undertake to demonſtrate the Liberty of human Actions. That Mankind act irregularly in a thouſand Inſtances, or ſo as to violate the Laws of Reaſon, Religion, and the Civil Society, is a matter of Fact, not to be diſputed; the only Queſtion is whether they can avoid acting thus? Grant me that they can, and I have gain'd my Point, ſince they will then do what they have a Power to forbear. Deny it, and you are obliged to hold that the firſt Cauſe is the Source or Origin of all Evil, *i. e.* that Sin and Folly are the neceſſary Productions of infinite Goodneſs and Wiſdom;

which is a manifeſt Contradiction. "The whole "Syſtem of the Univerſe (ſays this Writer) is the "Care of God, and all other inferior Beings muſt "be ſubordinate to the Intereſt of this great one, "and all contribute in their ſeveral Stations and "Actions to bring about at laſt the grand Purpoſes "of his Providence." But will he pretend to ſay that Lying, Fraud, Intemperance, Inhumanity, Oppreſſion, and the like Practices, have in their Nature a Tendency to promote the Good of intelligent Beings? and cannot therefore in the Order of Cauſes be diſpenſed with by him who guides the whole Deſign? This were to make theſe things good, and not evil. Or will any one contend that particular Societies, and conſequently the general Syſtem which comprehends them all, would not enjoy more Harmony and Peace, if they that compoſe them were univerſally juſt, temperate, grateful, kind and beneficent? And why then are they not all theſe, but too often the direct contrary? The common Anſwer, that Man being at preſent in a State of Trial for the Happineſs of a future Life, is therefore left to his Liberty to do Good or Evil, is a plain and rational Solution of the Difficulty; whereas, the Opinion that Men are inevitably betray'd into all theſe Miſchiefs by a Concatenation of Cauſes, overthrows at once the Idea of an Eternal Mind and of Moral Perfections, eſtabliſhing in their ſtead a blind unintelligent Matter as the Original

of all Things. Did we ſee a Regularity and Conſiſtency in the Actions of rational Creatures, were they all uniformly virtuous, conducted by Reaſon, and level'd at one certain End, the common Intereſt and Welfare of the Whole, there might be then ſome little colour for Doubt, whether they were not under a Neceſſity, like that which retains the heavenly Bodies in their ſeveral Courſes, which they perform with an amazing Order and Conſtancy, one Age after another. But, for certain, Wiſdom cannot be the Spring of an unequal, freakiſh and contradictory Conduct; the Fountain of all Good can never neceſſitate his Creatures to do Evil. Nor muſt you think to eſcape by ſaying that God himſelf is a neceſſary Agent, that He could not but create Man with an invincible Biaſs to tranſgreſs his Laws, and cannot but puniſh him for tranſgreſſing them, tho' without any Fault of his. For whence ſhould this Neceſſity ariſe? Not from any thing without him, becauſe he would not then be the firſt and independent Being: Not from his own Nature; which, containing in it ſelf the moſt perfect Wiſdom, Juſtice, and Goodneſs, cannot, without the moſt evident Abſurdity, be ſuppos'd to force him to act in direct Oppoſition to all theſe Perfections. "Almighty "God, in Compaſſion to Mankind, hath annexed "Rewards and Puniſhments to the Obſervance or "Non-Obſervance of his Laws." Here let me aſk, Whether he hath done this with a Deſign they

ſhould

ſhould be ſufficient to operate upon all, or on thoſe only whom they actually influence? If on all, They are all free; if only on ſome, They for whom they were never intended can have no Concern in them. Who then are the Perſons to be puniſh'd?

I SHALL conclude with obſerving that there is ſuch a natural Conviction in the Minds of Men of this Truth, that *Epicurus* himſelf, tho' by his Principles obliged to deny the Freedom of the Will, was not yet hardy enough to do it, but in order to reconcile it with his Law of Gravity, invented a Motion of Declination for his Atoms; which, if allow'd him, hath juſt as much to do with Liberty, as the Idea of a Triangle with a good Dinner. I am,

T——n,
Jan. 22.
1722-3.

SIR,

Your Obliged Humble Servant.

N° 47. *On the* IMMORTALITY *of the* SOUL.

THERE are Perſons ſo unhappily form'd, as to be at the ſame time extremely Sceptical and the moſt Credulous of Mankind. Their Pretence for not believing ſome things, is, that they cannot comprehend them; and yet they can, without difficulty, ſwallow others that are a thouſand times more incomprehenſible than thoſe they reject: They laugh at Myſteries in Religion, and would think it a Reproach to their Underſtandings to ſubmit to them; but in what favours their corrupt Paſſions and Deſigns, their preconceived Opinions and irregular Inclinations, Myſterioufneſs is ſo far from an Objection, that Contradiction to the common Notions of Mens Minds is none; and they will believe not only without Evidence, but even in Defiance of it. As for Inſtance, that the human Soul is a Syſtem of Matter, and that all its Thoughts, Volitions, Reaſonings, Doubts and Fears, reſult from the Action and Reaction of the Particles of this Syſtem. Our *Britiſh Diogenes* is among thoſe, who,

who, as if confederated in a Deſign againſt the Soul of Man, labour hard to degrade it from its Dignity to a Level with the Clay it animates; and, when made by God in his own Image, and but a little lower than the Angels, would fain argue it into a Likeneſs to Stocks and Stones, the Deities worſhipp'd by the Heathens. Vain Attempt! Conſcious to her ſuperiour Nature, the Soul mocks their feeble Efforts, and dares meet their keeneſt Arguments with as little Fear as an Angel would diſcover in the midſt of a Battel:

The Soul, ſecur'd in her Exiſtence, ſmiles
At the drawn Dagger, and defies its Point.

But, in truth, 'tis too great a Compliment to the Objections of theſe Men, to reſemble them to ſuch Weapons, when they have neither Point nor Edge in them, and are more like Arrows with leaden Heads, and thrown by a weak Hand, that either reach not home, or ſtrike with a dead Sound againſt the Shield, and then fall off without doing the leaſt Execution. If any thing could tempt me to doubt of the Soul's Immortality, the Confuſion and Incoherence of this Writer's Reaſonings would much ſooner do it than the Strength of them, there being in the former of theſe ſomething very like what we might expect from the fortuitous Colliſion of blind and wandring Atoms. His Diſcourſe, I own, bids

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fair to be the Work of *Chance* as moſt I have ſeen: However, having in it ſome Glimmerings of Reaſon, and faint Traces of Thought and Meaning, I am convinc'd that it muſt have proceeded from a nobler Cauſe.

OUR *Cynick* tells his Coffee-houſe Readers, to their great Edification, that Matter thinks; that is, is capable of various Senſations and Reflexions. But if he can ſuffer a civil Queſtion, I would aſk him, By what is this Operation of Thinking produc'd? He will not ſay by a Difference of Magnitude; ſince the ſmalleſt Particles are of the ſame Nature, and have the ſame common Properties with the greateſt, as is plain from this ſingle Conſideration, that the greateſt are made up of the ſmalleſt: for upon dividing a greater and a ſmaller Maſs into equal Parts, the greater will appear to have more ſuch Parts than the ſmaller, and this is all that will follow. Is it by a Difference of Figure? Not ſo neither. For Figure is nothing elſe but a certain Relation of the Parts of Matter one to the other; ſo that if Thinking conſiſts in Figure (or, if you will, Organization, which is no other than a proper Configuration and Structure of the conſtituent Parts of Bodies) it will be nothing abſolute, but a mere external Denomination. Whether a Quantity of Matter exiſts under a ſpherical, a cubical, or any other Surface, the Difference will be of juſt the ſame kind as that which ariſes from the various artful Figures

of a Dance, or the ſeveral ways of drawing up an Army; in the two latter of which Caſes the Perſons are manifeſtly the very ſame, neither wiſer, nor ſtronger, nor more virtuous, as the Matter muſt needs be in the firſt; nothing new emerges from ever ſo many Shiftings and Changes of this ſort. Shall we then have recourſe to Motion for the Performance of theſe wonderful Feats, no leſs ſtrange than Tranſubſtantiation, and of the ſame ſize of Poſſibility? This ſeems to be what *Cato*'s Second is moſt enclin'd to. "When the Actions of exterior "Bodies ſtrike upon the Organs of Senſe, they "muſt cauſe a ſecond Action or Motion, and con-"tinue it *in Infinitum*, unleſs it meets Obſtruction. "This firſt Action cauſes Senſation, and the ſecond "Reflexion, *&c.* Again, this Action is call'd by "different Names, as it affects the different Parts "of the Machine: When it affects the Eye, it is "called Seeing, the Ear Hearing, the Palate Taſting, "the Noſe Smelling; but when the Motion is con-"tinued farther, and gets to the Brain, or other in-"ternal Part of the Syſtem, it cauſes that Effect "which we call Thinking." All this I ſhall acknowledge to be very intelligible, when I can conceive that a Set of Organ Pipes are raviſh'd with their own Muſick, a painting Room is agreeably entertain'd with the fine Pieces hung up in it, or that a Pin-cuſhion feels moſt tormenting Pains upon its being ſtuck full of Pins.

I

I SHALL not ſtop to take notice of ſome peculiar Elegancies, in our Author's Style, as, *an Action ſtriking, i. e.* an Action acting; *the Senſation of Vegetables*, and the like: but ſhall immediately proceed to examine what we can extract from the Idea of Motion. The Capacity of being mov'd, which is all that Matter can challenge, is a paſſive Quality, and proceeds from a Defect of Being and Power. A Body is therefore moveable, becauſe it is of a limited Extenſion; that is, does not at once poſſeſs all Space, nor, containing only a finite Quantity of Matter, can make infinite Reſiſtance; upon which account it muſt yield to a Force ſufficient to overcome its Reſiſtance, and be thruſt out of one Place into another: conſequently, the leſs the Quantity of Matter in any Body, *cæteris paribus*, the more eaſily is that Body mov'd, becauſe leſs capable of ſtanding againſt the Impulſe of other Bodies. And what Similitude can we trace in all this to Thinking, which is an active Principle, the higheſt Excellency and Perfection, and that from whence all the moral Attributes of the Deity derive their Original? The Deity, being immenſe, is immoveable; but not incogitative: In God, therefore, Cogitation is neither Motion, nor the Effect of Motion; and is it not evident, that Cogitation, Perception, or Conſciouſneſs, muſt be of the ſame general Nature, in whatever Being it is found? For certain, it is not Motion in one Being, and in ano-

ther ſomething which hath not the leaſt Affinity to Motion. 'Tis farther undeniable, that the Motion of Bodies is only a ſucceſſive Application of their Parts to different Parts of Space; which Parts of Space being perfectly uniform and alike, all the Poſſibilities of Motion can never occaſion the leaſt Alteration in the abſolute Natures and Properties of things. Let a Syſtem of Matter be carry'd in any Direction, and with any Degree of Velocity, its Parts continuing relatively at reſt, every body apprehends that it will acquire nothing by the Career. Nor is the Caſe a-whit mended by changing the Suppoſition, and imagining the Parts in Motion among themſelves; for here every diſtinct Particle muſt be conſider'd as a Whole, and the very ſame Obſervation will hold concerning the Parts that was before made of the whole Collection: They will remain unalterably the ſame; and tho' the Whole may ſeem to paſs under a Change, yet that Change is, in reality, no more than a different Juxta-Poſition of the Parts. Beſides which, we might venture to appeal to every one who attends to the Operations of his Mind, when he deſires, deliberates, reſolves, feels Pleaſure or Pain, whether this inward Conſciouſneſs or Knowledge have any thing in it agreeing with the Tranſlation of a Body, or of a ſingle Particle, from place to place, which is all that is meant by Motion. He that ſees any great Reſemblance between theſe things, or does not ſee a wide

Difference

Difference between them, muſt have a much quicker or duller Apprehenſion than is common to Mankind.

BUT may not Motion be the Cauſe of Thought? The occaſional Cauſe of divers Modes of Thinking, I grant it may be; but not the proper Cauſe of Thought it ſelf, till Colour is known to produce Sound, and things entirely diſſimilar ſhall naturally give birth to one another. The uſual Subterfuge of the Materialiſt, when driven from this Hold, is, that We do not know all the hidden Powers of Matter, nor the Qualities that may ſpring from the endleſs Combinations of which Matter is capable. I hope, I ſhall never be backward to confeſs my Ignorance both of Nature, and the God of it; yet I take leave to ſay, that Thinking cannot be a Power belonging to Matter, unleſs it belongs to it originally and univerſally, *i. e.* unleſs it be an eſſential Power: my Reaſon is, that by all the Transformations of Bodies and Shufflings of Atoms, 'tis demonſtrable, not a ſingle Power of an abſolute and generical Nature is ſuperadded to the material Maſs. There is, 'tis true, an unexhauſted Variety of Figures, Magnitudes, and Motions, and, by means of theſe, of mechanical Operations and Effects: But, in regard all theſe are only ſo many Modes of the Original Attributes, or Poſitions of Bodies, or the Parts of Bodies with reſpect to each other; here is nothing anſwering to Thought, which is not a mere

Relation

Relation of Things, or Mode of ſome more extenſive Quality, but an inherent and primary Attribute. The Sum is, Matter is immutably and eternally the ſame, of which I deſire no better Illuſtration than what *Diogenes* himſelf ſupplies me with, though brought by him to a quite contrary purpoſe: Two Dice afford ſix times as many Chances as one, and three as two. Very true, but let the Number of Chances keep increaſing to Infinity, the Dice continue as they were, and ſo likewiſe the Spots they are mark'd with, which ſoever of them happen to turn upwards. So, notwithſtanding an incredible Number of Words may be form'd out of four and twenty Letters, the Letters gain nothing at all by it; nor have theſe Letters or Words more Senſe and Thought in one Situation than in any other: Inſtitution and Cuſtom have indeed arbitrarily made them the Signs of our Thoughts. And, which deſerves to be remarked, what Inſtitution is in regard to Words, the Laws of Union, eſtabliſhed by the Creator, are in reference to Senſations; there being in the Nature and Reaſon of Things no more diſcoverable Connection between the Actions of the Particles of Matter, variouſly figured and moved, upon the Organs of Senſe, and the Perceptions conſequent on theſe Actions, than between the Sounds and Figures of Words, and the Meaning which Mankind are agreed they ſhall convey. And where now is the Ridiculouſneſs of uſing the Word *Spirit*,

tho'

tho' we have no clear and positive Idea of immaterial Substance? Not to take notice that we have as clear an Idea of Spirit as of Body, neither of which is knowable but by its Properties, 'tis enough that we can prove Thinking to be no Property of Matter; from whence it necessarily follows, that the thinking Principle is immaterial. When 'tis said of God, that he is a Spirit, can the Meaning be any other than that he is a pure incorporeal Mind? And if there be one immaterial Being in the Universe, there can be nothing contradictory or ridiculous in the Supposition of more. 'Tis, on the contrary, most natural to conceive, that whatever Being resembles God in the Faculties of Understanding and Will, is farther like him in the Immateriality of his Essence.

THE Reader may observe, I have taken it for granted, that Thought is not Essential to Matter, and that the Divine Being is Immaterial and Immense; not, I can assure Mr. *Diogenes*, from any Apprehension I have of the Difficulty of demonstrating these things, but as charitably supposing he is not yet so forsaken of all Reason as to deny them: When he shall do this, it will be time enough to set about the Proof of them.

POEMS

POEMS

ON

Several Occaſions.

POEMS

ON

Several Occaſions.

To Mr. WATTS,
On his Divine POEMS.

SAY, Humane Seraph, whence that charming Force,
That Flame! that Soul! which animates each Line;
And how it runs with ſuch a graceful Eaſe,
Loaded with pond'rous Senſe! Say, did not He
The lovely JESUS, who commands thy Breaſt,
Inſpire thee with himſelf? With JESUS dwells,
Knit in Myſterious Bands, the *Paraclete*,
The Breath of GOD, the everlaſting Source

Of Love: And what is Love in Souls like thine,
But Air, and Incenſe to the Poet's Fire?
Should an expiring Saint, whoſe ſwimming Eyes
Mingle the Images of Things about him,
But hear the leaſt exalted of thy Strains,
How greedily he'd drink the Muſick in,
Thinking his Heav'nly Convoy waited near!
So great a Streſs of powerful Harmony,
Nature unable longer to ſuſtain,
Would ſink oppreſt with Joy to endleſs Reſt.

LET none henceforth of Providence complain,
As if the World of Spirits lay unknown,
Fenc'd round with black impenetrable Night;
What tho' no ſhining Angel darts from thence
With leave to publiſh Things conceal'd from Senſe,
In Language bright as theirs, we here are told,
When Life its narrow Round of Years hath roll'd,
What 'tis employs the Bleſs'd, what makes their Bliſs;
Songs ſuch as WATTS's are, and Love like his.

BUT then, dear Sir, be cautious how you uſe
To Tranſports ſo intenſely rais'd your Muſe,
Leſt, whilſt th' ecſtatic Impulſe you obey,
The Soul leap out, and drop the duller Clay.

Sept. 4.
1706.

To Mrs. ROWE,
On her Excellent POEMS.

TEACH me the Art, fair Regent of the Soul,
To raiſe the Paſſions, or at will, controul;
That Heav'nly Art which can our Cares beguile,
Make Envy pleas'd, and penſive Sorrow ſmile.
Circe with magick Spells the Soul could bind,
And change the Shape: here the reverſe we find;
The Brute, transform'd by you, aſſumes a nobler kind.
O had I but thy Voice, and Skill, and Lyre!
Soon would I ſet the liſtening Swains on Fire.
Virtue's majeſtick Form before their Eyes,
Her lovely Train, her Palace in the Skies,
And high refulgent Throne, ſhould ſtand confeſt,
And with aſpiring Wiſhes ſwell each Breaſt.
The Tenants of the Grove, a tuneful Throng,
Should ceaſe their Lays, to hear my ſweeter Song;
Thy ſelf too, Tranſports feel, before unknown,
And in *another*, praiſe what was thine *own:*
Elſe the too modeſt Nymph will ne'er believe,
How ſoft the Strains! the Joys how vaſt they give!
But while th' admiring Audience ſit around,
And faint beneath the Rapture of the Sound,
Calm and unaw'd, ſhe will her ſelf appear,
And think we flatter what we ſcarce can bear.

FOND Wiſhes theſe! to think ſhe would impart
Heav'n's Inſpirations, like the Rules of Art;
Or truſt to any mean, unſkilful Hand,
(The ſpeaking Strings that knows not to command)
The golden Gift, a welcome Preſent made
By *Gabriel*; who with Grace Celeſtial ſaid:
" Hail, thou of Heav'n belov'd! this Harp is thine
" So often ſat to Hymns and Airs divine;
" Still let it ſacred be to Praiſe and Love;
" 'Twill kindle Ardors pure as ours above,
" Aſſiſt thy riſing Soul, and bear her Flight
" Beyond the rolling Spheres, to Realms of endleſs Light:
" Morning and Ev'ning let me meet thee there."
No more he ſpoke ---- but mix'd unſeen with Air.

A Thought on DEATH.

O *Death!* What Pow'r is thine, that diſtant, thus,
By Fancy ſeen, thou call'ſt up all our Fears,
And ſhed'ſt a baleful Influence on the Soul!
Mine hangs her drooping Wings, and, downward preſs'd
By foggy Damps, attempts in vain to riſe;
For ſtill in ken of an untimely Grave,

The

The daily Subject of the penſive Thought,
She hovers o'er, and views the ſad Receſs.
If (which is ſeldom) I converſe with Joy,
And Nature, lighten'd of her Sorrows, ſmiles,
While pleaſing Objects dance before the Sight,
A Thought of *Death* comes croſs the lovely Scene,
And blots it out at once: So have I known
The riſing Sun dart round his golden Beams,
The welcome Promiſe of a glorious Day,
When, lo! ſcarce have we felt his vital Lamp,
But ſtrait ſome ſullen Cloud hangs threat'ning o'er;
We ſicken, the Creation ſeems to mourn,
And all things wear a deep and heavy Gloom.

A HYMN on SIGHT.

I.

I Bleſs my God for ev'ry Senſe,
But moſt for thee, my darling Sight,
By whom I learn t' adore the Pow'r
That won this beauteous World from Night.

II.

When thou art not, the glorious Scene
In Darkneſs undiſtinguiſh'd lies,
Heav'n, Earth, and Seas are all in vain,
Nor can their Wonders move Surprize.

III. Ev'n

III.

Ev'n Light, of all material Things
  Beſt Emblem of the Deity,
Spreads to the Blind unheeded Charms;
  For why? 'Twas made alone for thee.

IV.

Thou awful Fears, and Thoughts ſublime,
  Doſt to the raviſh'd Mind convey,
Of Him, who rais'd this ample Frame,
  And o'er the whole extends His Sway.

V.

With Pleaſure now I travel o'er
  Heav'n's vaſt Extent; amaz'd to ſee
Numberleſs Worlds in order roll
  With rapid Motion thro' the Sky.

VI.

Infinite Pow'r, and equal Skill
  In all thy Works, O Lord, I view;
Thy Breath firſt kindled up theſe Fires,
  And thou their Waſtes doſt ſtill renew.

VII.

The Sun's bright Orb thy Glory fills,
  The nightly Moon reflects the ſame,
And all the ſtarry Globes diffuſe,
  With their own Light, their Maker's Name.

VIII.

But ah! how ſoon my Light is loſt,
  Hopeleſs to reach the Bounds of Place?
Yet where that fails, by Fancy's Aid,
  Remoter Regions I can trace.

IX. Till,

IX.

'Till, got within the Verge of Stars,
Earth's little Ball eſcapes my ken;
The more I wonder thy Delight,
O God, is with the Sons of Men.

On the DEATH *of a* YOUTH.

WITH Joy, bleſt Youth! we ſaw thee reach the Goal,
Fair was thy Frame, and delicate thy Soul,
Where, join'd at once, the ſofteſt Manners met,
Truth, Judgment, Sweetneſs, Innocence, and Wit;
The *Graces*, and the *Muſes*, came combin'd,
Thoſe to adorn thy Body, theſe thy Mind:
So form'd, he flew his Race, 'twas quickly won,
'Twas but a Step, and finiſh'd when begun:
Nature, her ſelf, ſurpriz'd; wou'd add no more,
His Life compleat in all its Parts before;
But his few Years, with pleaſing Wonder, told
By Virtues, not by Days, and thought him old.
So far beyond his Age, thoſe Virtues ran,
That in a Boy, ſhe found him more than Man:
For Years, let Wretches importune the Skies,
'Till at the long Expence of Anguiſh wiſe,
They live to count their Days by Miſeries:
Thoſe win the Prize, who ſooneſt run the Race,
And Life burns brighteſt in the ſhorteſt Space.

So in the Convex-Glaſs embody'd run,
Drawn to a Point, the Glories of the Sun;
At once the gathering Beams intenſely glow,
And fiercely thro' the ſtraiten'd Circle flow,
In one ſtrong Flame, conſpire the blended Rays,
Run to a Fire, and croud into a Blaze.

To a Young FRIEND.

SHOULD ſmiling Joys on all thy Steps attend,
And Health, to Monarchs coy, be STREPHON's Friend?
Gay ſhould thy Humour be, ſerene thy Brow,
And, eaſy as thy Thoughts, thy Minutes flow:
Yet more, ſhould *Fame*, adopting thee her Son,
With partial Hand, thy wildeſt Wiſhes crown,
And promiſe to thy Mem'ry late Renown:
While at thy Feet, the Earth, and Ocean lay
Their Wealth, and glittering Heaps choak up thy Way.

SAY ---Would it not diſturb thy mirthful Vein?
O'erturn the fooliſh *Babel* of thy Brain?
The feeble Charm diſſolve of human Praiſe,
And with grim Phantoms haunt thy genial Days?

Should e'er this Thought intrude, the Drudge, and I,
And ev'ry hapleſs Wight alike muſt die:
They from a weary March, and toilſome Strife,
By Death diſcharg'd ſhall ceaſe to ſuffer Life;
I, what I love, muſt quit, and when the Sun
A few times more its ſhining Courſe hath run,
Down to the melancholy Coaſts muſt go,
Which, nor his Morning Beams, nor Ev'ning, know,
Where Muſick's ſoothing Voice (tho' Fables tell,
That ORPHEUS once could charm the Shades of Hell)
And the loud Trump of *Fame* are never heard,
The heavy, leaden, Gates by Silence bar'd:
Silence, which, baniſh'd to thoſe dre'ry Plains,
O'er the wide Waſte in peaceful Terror reigns;
'Tis thither, my unweeting Feet, ye tend,
And there, alas! muſt all Life's Mock'ry end.
Thence, folded up in Sleep, I ne'er ſhall riſe,
'Till the laſt Summons ſhake the vaulted Skies,
And the Earth's duſty Chambers, where we lay,
Catch all on Fire, and blaze unnat'ral Day.
Say---Will the World then wear that tempting Face?
Wilt thou then court, as now, its fond Embrace?
Confeſs----the pious Man alone is wiſe,
Who looſe preſerves his Heart from earthly Ties;
When Life's a Comedy, can wiſh it done,
Heir to diviner Joys above the Sun;
Yet does not as a bare Spectator ſit,
To laugh at Follies, other Men commit;

But takes the Part of Providence aſſign'd
And, by a generous Aim, to ſerve Mankind,
If great his Lot, ſhews 'tis below his Mind.
Regardleſs of the World, he journeys thro',
To Heaven's high Arch he lifts his ardent View,
The narrow, rough, Aſcent of Virtue treads,
Nor counts that painful, which to Glory leads;
To thoſe bright Manſions, thoſe ſerene Abodes,
Where more than Kings, rever'd on Earth as Gods,
The wiſer few, whom true Ambition fir'd,
Exalted ſhine, admiring, and admir'd.
Thither, his Soul, enlarg'd from fleſhly Bands,
Flies joyful; thence the Proſpect round comm[illegible]s;
And at the laſt, the great, deciſive Day,
He, fearleſs, ſhall the burning World ſurvey:
There, ſafe, in holy Peace, with Angels ſit,
While vaſt Deſtruction raves beneath his Feet.

PRIDE *and* DISCONTENT *ſilenc'd.*

AFTER a fruitleſs Chaſe, reſolv'd to know,
Whether a World ſo lov'd, was more than Show,
The Good, and Ill, a fretful Mortal laid
In Paſſion's Scales, uncertain, which outweigh'd;
But quickly found the beſt of human Things,
Light as the Gloſs that paints the Inſect's Wings;
While Troubles, ſuch a Weight, in Fancy, have,
As brings down Life, with Sorrow to the Grave.

OF Patience, quite forſook, 'twas here he cry'd,
No friendly Power doth over Man preſide:
The ſcatter'd Duſt, at firſt without a Name,
By chance this Maſs of Wretchedneſs became;
And Chance, with Folly, ſhares the helpleſs Prey,
'Till kinder Death comes in, and ſweeps him quite away.

AS theſe laſt Words, with fault'ring Tongue he ſpoke,
Earth trembled, and his Soul with Horror ſhook,
All Heav'n appear'd incens'd, and from the Flame,
A Voice, more terrible than Thunder, came.

Where

Where is this Child of Pride, who to be mine,
Himſelf denies, fond of an abject Line?
Stand forth, Ingrate; if thou haſt Strength to ſtand,
When not upheld by my Almighty Hand.
Dare puny Atoms, Heav'n's Decrees controul?
And counſel Him, who guides the boundleſs Whole?
Laws to their Sovereign, and their Maker, give?
And his Exiſtence doubt by whom they live?
Know, thankleſs Man, when Worms indignant ſwell,
As hardly us'd, it ſhews them us'd too well.
Take cheerfully the Lot, fore-caſt, as beſt,
And Patience will deliver thee to Reſt:
Purg'd by Afflictions, and by Time approv'd,
Death will inſtruct thee fully, whom I lov'd;
But if, unhumbled ſtill, thou dar'ſt my Frown,
The Bolt uplifted, hangs to cruſh thee down.

A Thought at Waking.

THAT Morning too will dawn, when I ſhall riſe
Freſh from my Duſt, and, ſoaring, ſeek the Skies.
Then, why ſhould I lament that Night draws on;
And, tir'd, refuſe to lay my Burthen down?
Tho', others more, yet I enough have ſeen,
And gueſs what is to be, by what hath been.

And,

And, ſince my youthful Days now almoſt paſt,
Have pleas'd ſo little, welcome thou my laſt.
'Tis the leaſt Care, of all that fill this Head,
What Men deſign when I am ſtol'n to Bed.
Cloſing my Eyes, the World I now encloſe,
And Fancy, waking, murthers my Repoſe;
But in the Grave, the Houſe of Rich, and Poor,
Faſt I ſhall ſleep, and dream of Life no more.

LIFE *made Agreeable.*

SE'ST thou yon ſunny Spot of riſing Ground?
How bright it looks amid the Shade around!
Juſt oppoſite, a ſhining Clift on high,
Tranſmits the Glories of the upper Sky:
Such is the good Man's Life, ſo ſhines his Way,
Befriended by Religion's cheerful Ray;
While guilty Wretches ſit in Death's cold Shade,
And Clouds, with Tempeſts charg'd, low'r o'er their Head;
On him, deſcends a conſtant Stream of Light,
Which gilds each common Object to his Sight;
Calm Paſſions, joyous Hopes, a Mind ſerene,
Make all without to ſmile like all within;
Pleaſures from ev'ry Soil ſpontaneous riſe,
And what is Gloom to others, charms his Eyes.
So when his Beams the Sun on Nature throws,
He ſtamps the beauteous Colours which he ſhews.

To

To Mrs. SINGER,

Occaſioned by a Copy of her Verſes on DEATH.

ATTEND thou awful Monarch of the Grave,
And calmly hear a Wretch thy Pity crave.
Amaz'd I've ſeen thee over-run Mankind,
Naſſau, immortal Thought, in Fetters bind.
Greatneſs, and hoary Fame thy Call obey,
And, if thou frown, ſink with a ſwift Decay.
To ſtop thy Progreſs and the Field maintain,
Life ſtill attempts, but ſtill attempts in vain.
Let Death approach; the daunted Soul retires;
Extinguiſh'd are at once thoſe vital Fires
That mov'd the earthy Lump, now left forlorn,
A breathleſs Corpſe, thy Triumphs to adorn.
O ſpare thy Conqueſt over me unknown,
Who need not feel thy Power that Power to own!
Go; let the fearleſs Hero try thy Rage,
And pamper'd Prelates at their Feaſts engage;
Between the Miſer and his Hoards divide,
And ſnatch the Lover from his fair One's Side;
Such Acts thy Empire will aloud proclaim,
And the Survivers bleſs, or dread, thy Name.

For

For me; believe the Slave, 'twill ſcarce be ſaid,
When I expire, the poor *Philander*'s dead!
But 'twill not be; my Life I muſt reſign,
That Life, which might I ſave, I'd not repine
To give thee up the whole Creation, were it mine.

'Twas thus, with penſive Soul, and frighted Look,
By Coward Nature taught, *Philander* ſpoke;
With Horror then revolv'd, and ſilent dread,
The fatal Moment that ſhould ſpeak him dead.
O had th' all-conqu'ring Tyrant then appear'd,
Aim'd the dire Stroke, and urg'd the Fate he fear'd!
How dreadful had the meagre Phantom been!
How doubly terrible his Shape, and Mien!
Struck with the Sight the Youth had inly groan'd,
And, rent from Life, the ſad Divorce bemoan'd,
Wreſtling with Fate, and ſtruggling hard in Death,
With ſtrong convulſive Throws h'ad giv'n his parting Breath.
But the Almighty, kinder than his Fears,
Delay'd the Sroke, propitious to his Prayers,
And ſingling, from the Myriads round his Throne,
One of the gentleſt Spirits, ſent him down,
To reconcile the Shepherd to his Fate,
And eaſe his anxious Doubts about an after State.
The charming Singer's Voice and Form and Air
He feigns, and perſonates ſo well the Fair,
Deceiv'd I thought the very Nymph was there.

A Saint ſhe ſeem'd new riſen to the Skies,
I gaz'd, unable to remove my Eyes
Till ſhe recall'd my Soul, and bid me view
The myſtic Scene her ready Pencil drew.
Here *Death* I ſaw, not that wan, ghaſtly Shade,
By Guilt and melancholy Fancy, made,
Of Aſpect ſtern, deform'd all o'er, and blind,
But ſoft, and blooming fair, and wondrous kind,
Down by his Side a golden Quiver hung,
Full was the Quiver, nor his Bow unſtrung.
A golden Shaft he choſe; 'twas tip'd with Love,
" This to the Man, he cried, moſt dear to Heaven above:"
Then twang'd his Bow, away the well-aim'd Dart
Flew ſwift as Thought, and pierc'd the Favourite's Heart,
A ſudden Night involv'd his cloſing Eyes,
And the glad Soul diſmiſs'd, ſought out her kindred Skies.

NOT diſtant far I ſpy'd a ſpacious Cave,
The Paſſage ſteep and gloomy, call'd the Grave;
Diſmal it ſeem'd, but after ſhort Deſcent,
Open'd into a Plain of vaſt Extent,
Where happy Minds, from Clay unfetter'd, rove,
Verdent the Fields beneath, the Skies ſerene above;
Nor Summer's Drought, nor wintry Cold are there,
No lazy Miſts to clog the purer Air,

Broad Streams of Bliſs, from living Springs ſupply'd,
In ſmooth mageſtic Currents gently glide;
Along the Banks the Forms of Angels throng,
And Hymns divine are heard; the rapturous Song
Begins before the Birth of Time and Place,
Inquires who fill'd ev'n then th' unfathom'd Space,
Of his orig'nal Glories wondring tells,
And how emboſom'd in himſelf he dwells,
Himſelf a Univerſe; from thence the Song
To the Creation falls, and flows along,
Circling with Providence, till with that it drown
In vaſt Eternity, from whence it firſt begun.

DELIGHTFUL World! did we but know how
Are all the virtuous Minds of thee poſſeſs'd, [bleſt
Like *Philomela*, unattach'd to Senſe,
We then ſhould welcome Death that call'd us hence,
Impatient fly into his icy Arms,
And breathe our Souls away amidſt his killing Charms.

HYMN for the MORNING.

I.

AT Nature's Birth, when on the Deep
Darkneſs and Horror lay,
Let there be Light, th' Almighty ſaid,
And ſtrait ſprung forth the Day.

II.

This thy firſt Bleſſing, to the World
The Sun revolving brings;
And ſmiling Comfort viſits Man,
Born on the Morning's Wings.

III.

Nature, imperfect, and undreſt,
Abhorr'd the prying Light:
A World of beauteous Objects now
Each Morn reveals to Sight.

IV.

Sweet is the Light, and bright the Sun
When he begins his Race;
But neither Sun, nor Light is ſweet,
If thou conceal thy Face!

V.

The Day advances, Morning flies,
And blazing Noon comes on
In vain, while I, in Darkneſs hid,
Lament my abſent Sun.

VI. Speak,

VI.

Speak, Lord, and to thy Servant's Soul
  Thy quickening Beams reſtore:
The Light with double Luſtre ſhines
  When Darkneſs goes before.

For the EVENING.

I.

FATHER of Lights, the Day is thine,
  Thy Hand its Beams hath ſpread;
And, high in Glory thron'd thy ſelf,
  Thou draw'ſt the Ev'ning Shade.

II.

The ſpringing Day invites my Song,
  The ſame its grateful cloſe,
To praiſe the ſweet Viciſſitude
  Of Labour, and Repoſe.

III.

Its Beauty if the Morning boaſt,
  If the whole Day its Light;
Silence and Reſt, the Foes of Care,
  Commend the ſheltering Night.

IV.

Thus all the Quiet of this World
  Agrees with Darkneſs beſt;
Unlike the Peace that reigns above,
  And in the pious Breaſt.

V. The

V.

The good Man's Conſcience, like his God,
In Light doth always dwell;
And what his Peace, his Calm, his Reſt,
Not he himſelf can tell.

VI.

His Soul beneath thy Care, O Lord,
No anxious Paſſion knows;
In Drought his cooling Stream thou art,
When weary his Repoſe.

GOD *the* CREATOR.

I.

O Lord, how excellent thy Name!
How glorious to behold;
Engraven fair on all thy Works
In Characters of Gold!

II.

On Heavens unmeaſurable Face,
In Lines immenſely great,
In ſmall, on every Leaf and Flower
Creator God is writ.

III.

Tho' Reaſon be not given to all,
Nor Voice to thee, O Sun;
Their Maker all proclaim, and here
Their Language is but one.

IV. From

IV.

From Land to Land, and World to World,
  Thy Fame is eccho'd round;
And Ages, as they paſs, tranſmit
  The never-dying Sound.

V.

Angels, the eldeſt Sons of Light,
  Began the lofty Song;
They ſaw the Heavens unfurl'd abroad,
  And Earth on Nothing hung.

VI.

Then Man the laſt and nobleſt Piece
  Of all this nether Frame,
With the firſt vital Breath he drew
  Confeſt from whence he came.

VII.

And thou, my Soul, what wilt thou do
  To ſpeak thy Former's Praiſe?
Harmonious Hymns, and Raptures high,
  Thy Theme and thee ſhould raiſe.

GOD *the* PRESERVER.

I.

BEFORE the Lord our Maker we
With reverent awe ſhould bow;
Thou, Lord, the Maker art of all,
And their Preſerver Thou.

II.

The Being which thy Power beſtow'd
Thy Providence maintains,
And the whole Maſs of Things is held
By ſtrong tho' ſecret Chains.

III.

The Starry Hoſts in Order move,
Obſervant of their Bounds;
And every Year and every Day
The Sun repeats his Rounds.

IV.

Thro' pathleſs Skies he finds his Road,
Bent of himſelf to ſtray,
For God directs his ſteddy Courſe
Along the doubtful Way.

V.

Nor leſs in Things that ſubject lie
To Time's all-conqu'ring Power,
Are thy eternal Laws fulfill'd
By every ſhort-liv'd Hour.

VI. While

VI.

While Generations riſe and fall,
  Immortal is the Race:
And Time may ſhift the fading Scenes,
  But not the Earth diſplace.

VII.

What Winter's withering Breath deſtroys
  The following Spring ſupplies;
And Age, in vigorous Youth renew'd,
  Beholds it ſelf and dies.

VIII.

The Life by Thee preſerv'd, my God,
  Shall all be ſpent for Thee,
And flowing bear thy Praiſe along
  Into Eternity.

The SOUL's *Aſcent.*

I.

WHEN I behold the Morning Lark
  Begin her towering Flight,
And hear her Muſic, as ſhe mounts,
  Now leſs and leſs in Sight,

II.

O that I had but Wings, I cry,
  Soon would I leave the Ground,
See the World leſſening to my View
  Till it no more were found.

III.

Tempeſts ſhould rage beneath my Feet,
And Clouds and Vapours fly,
While, imitating Angel's Songs,
I pierc'd a calmer Sky.

IV.

Tranſported with unknown Delight,
I ſhould this Being ſcorn;
Forget from whence my humble Birth,
And never more return.

V.

Thus, from the Bands of Fleſh enlarg'd,
My Soul will nobly riſe,
With nothing but her in-born Strength
To bear her to the Skies.

VI.

Till then, Lord, lend her Faith and Love,
And with expanded Wings
She to thy Throne her Flight will aim,
And to Celeſtial Things.

The DIVINE IMMENSITY.

An ODE.

I.

O Thou Supreme Eternal Mind,
Who rul'ſt the Fates of Human kind,
To thy all-penetrating Eye,
The Depths of Earth, and Sea, and heavenly Heights,
Where Monſters creep, or Angels wing their Flights,
Are all reveal'd; for in thy ſpacious Hand they lie.

II.

Forgive thy Creature who aſpir'd,
With Pride of Reaſon madly fir'd,
Reaſon which thou hadſt juſt beſtow'd,
With ſwelling Thought the utmoſt Bound to gain
Of boundleſs Excellence; Enquiry vain! [God!
Yet pleas'd, diſcovers none can fill his Heart but

III.

When all Things in th' unreal Deep
Of Night and Silence, lay aſleep,
Thou hadſt eternal Ages ſeen:
The narrow Stint of Planetary Rounds
Suits not thy Being; and, beyond the Bounds
Of Place, thy Eſſence overflows the vaſt Inane.

IV. This

IV.

This wide ſtretch'd Univerſe in Thee
Fares like an Atom in the Sea;
Nor Bank nor Bottom can be found:
Like Duſt we on thy Boſom careleſs float,
Or overſet by ſome unequal Thought,
We loſe our ſelves, abſorb'd in the Abyſs profound.

V.

The pathleſs Sea from Shore to Shore
A ſailing Duſt may meaſure o'er,
And caſt on Lands forget to roam;
But ſhould we with the Swiftneſs of a Ray
Millions of Years thro' thy Expanſion ſtray,
Still an untravell'd Infinite would be to come.

VI.

Thy Attributes, a Sum untold,
Reſemble Lamps of burniſh'd Gold
Hung all around the vaulted Sky;
Or rather like ubiquitary Light,
Which thro' all Places ſpread, in all is bright,
A Luſtre they diffuſe thro' dark Immenſity.

VII.

Thrice happy who enjoy the Grace
To ſee the Beauties of thy Face,
Nor ſuffer from their Love of Change!
Still as they higher climb, new Scenes ariſe,
The Proſpect widening ſtill, dilates their Joys,
And ſtill from World to World, all Worlds of Bliſs,
they range.

VIII. But

VIII.

But how ſhall Souls that dwell below,
In Fleſh confin'd, thy Preſence know,
Inviſible to mortal Eye?
To theſe, when pure, thou doſt thy ſelf reveal,
Thy Spirit's vital Energy they feel,
And ſecret Whiſpers tell them thou art ever nigh.

IX.

This ſlender Altar, Lord, I raiſe,
Compos'd of Wonder, to thy Praiſe;
Accept what Gratitude demands. [Roar,
Amidſt Earth's blended Tongues, with th' Ocean's
'Midſt countleſs Multitudes who thee adore,
Thou hear'ſt my feeble Voice, and ſe'ſt my lifted Hands.

An ODE *on the Author's Recovery from Sickneſs.*

I.

THEE, bounteous Author of my Days,
Thee, their Reſtorer, let me praiſe;
Thee, gracious God, who from the Gates of Death,
Where I in penſive Silence ſat,
Waiting the laſt Arreſt of Fate,
My Soul did'ſt ſave, and ſnatch my fleeting Breath.

II.

My Voice with Weakneſs faint become,
And hollow, like the empty Tomb,
Hoarſe and ſcarcely to be known;
Strong and animated grown,
Shall be employ'd to ſound thy Fame:
And while in loftier Notes I laud that Name,
Which lately I invok'd with feeble cry,
Rocks, Hills, and Vales, ſhall to my Song reply.

III.

Let me remember too, with what Surprize
The ſudden Dimneſs vail'd mine Eyes.
How ſickly and how pale the Light,
When Death's impending Shade,
Preſage of everlaſting Night,
Had round involv'd my Head!
To Heav'n my languid Looks I turn'd,
Nor long my State unpitied mourn'd;
Celeſtial Efluence purg'd the Gloom away,
And to my fainting Eyes reſtor'd the Day:
Therefore for Thee, my God, theſe Orbs ſhall roll,
And to thy radiant Seat I'll dart, thro' them, my Soul.

IV. Think

IV.

Think, flutt'ring Heart, when on the Steep
Of that tremendous boundleſs Deep
Eternity, in ſad Suſpence I ſtood,
How all my trifling Hopes and Fears,
My ſenſeleſs Joys, and idle Tears,
Vaniſh'd at Proſpect of the frightful Flood!

V.

Sure, Life is but a hudded Dream,
And Time, a ſwift, deceitful Stream,
This vain World a ſhining Bubble,
Only full of Care and Trouble:
Yet this, great God, this is the Prize,
For which deluded Mortals Heaven deſpiſe;
Blinded with Paſſion after this they run,
And ſee not, 'till they ſee themſelves undone.

VI.

Lord, when thy Hand the ſable Curtain drew,
And future Worlds diſclos'd to view,
Theſe were my Thoughts; and ſuch are ſtill
The Leſſons of the Grave;
But as the purple Channels fill,
We gayer Fancies have;

The

The World its former Charms puts on,
And we to doat again are won.
But, rather than this ſhameful Chaſe repeat,
And groſly ſuffer, having ſeen the Cheat;
A Stranger let me live to fatal Eaſe,
That Greatneſs may not tempt, Wealth ſhine, nor
Flattery pleaſe!

VII.

Rais'd from my Bed, I'll higher riſe,
And, ſpringing upward, make the Skies,
Nor ſhall this Load of Fleſh retard my Flight:
So, when the Eagle's Youth returns,
With Thirſt of bold Attempts he burns,
Eſſays his Wings, and tow'ring mocks the Sight.

VIII.

All my paſt Follies be forgot,
Loſt in one univerſal Blot:
From this Æra Years begin
Happy, and unſtain'd with Sin;
And as if Life did now commence,
And Nature's Beauties, now, firſt ſtruck my Senſe,
Tranſported let me ſing from whom I came,
Admire his Works, and praiſe the faultleſs Frame.

IX.

My Soul, thou Source of Life, with Health inſpire,
And actuate it with thy Fire;
Let all its Pow'rs partake the Heat
Imparted by thy Love,
In all a heav'nly Vigour beat
Its every Spring to move.
If thus my Body and my Mind
Shall both thy quick'ning Influence find,
With both thy Glory I will ſtrive to raiſe,
And to thy Service conſecrate my Days;
And while this aims at Heav'n, that bends to Earth,
Each Part will honour Thee, and own its ſeveral
Birth.

X.

Tho' now delay'd, yet Death will come,
By Fates inevitable Doom;
When once the deſtin'd Period is mature,
No Prayers for reſpite will prevail,
That mightieſt Engine then will fail,
And the Diſeaſe we ſlight deſpair of Cure.

XI.

Sun, ſtand thou ſtill, a Mortal ſaid,
The Mortal's Voice the Sun obey'd,
Sudden check'd his rapid Wheel
On the Brow of Heaven's ſteep Hill,
To double Length he ſtretch'd that Day;
But then, impatient of his longer Stay,
His Fall he haſten'd and withdrew the Light:
So ſtopp'd a while, my Sun will ſet in Night.

XII.

Wiſely the Bleſſing uſe thou muſt reſign;
The Bleſſing will not long be thine:
Prepare, my Soul, for thy Remove
From this poor Shed of Clay,
To Seats of fadeleſs Bliſs above,
And ever-during Day.
Death ſhews not there his meagre Face,
And Guilt's a Stranger to the Place.
No Annals to record, as here, the Time,
The Bleſs'd preſerve; but ever in their Prime,
Let countleſs Ages glide away untold,
Which witneſs, as they paſs, to Joys that ne'er grow old.

A HYMN.

I.

WHILE Seraphs round thy glorious Throne
In holy Raptures burn,
In Lands of Drought and Shades of Death,
Thy Abſence, Lord, I mourn.

II.

The Subject of their Songs they view,
This elevates them high;
O were my Sight but bleſt as theirs,
With theirs my Songs ſhould vie.

III.

But ah! while oft to Heav'n I look,
And longing ſeek thee there,
My Eyes with Expectation fail,
And I almoſt deſpair.

IV.

Yet ceaſe I not to praiſe my God,
Whoſe Mercy chears my Days,
And thro' a Vale of Guilt and Tears,
Untouch'd, my Soul conveys.

V.

While I with Worlds of Light above
Compare our changing Spot,
Scarce can my reſtleſs Heart forbear
Repining at its Lot.

VI.

But 'tis enough that Heav'n's my home,
And th' Earth while paſſing thro',
Tho' trackleſs Spaces lie between,
My Home I have in View.

VII.

The ſhining Portal Sight ſurveys,
Faith boldly enters in,
And takes Poſſeſſion for my Soul
Releas'd by Death from Sin.

A HYMN.

I.

THEE, glorious God, whom none can ſee
Yet all Mankind muſt own,
Our Hearts acknowledge, and to thee
We ſpeak in ev'ry Groan.

II.

Our Souls confin'd to darkſome Clay,
A ſad and heavy Load,
'Midſt Fogs of Senſe miſtake their way
To thee, their ſov'reign good.

III.

We travel thro' this World of Sin,
As o'er inchanted Ground,
Following the fond deluſive Scene
'Till in Perdition drown'd.

IV.

Heav'n warns us of the dang'rous Road,
And would our Steps recal,
But we muſt tread where Crowds have trod,
And where they fell we fall.

V. Great

V.

Great God, diſſolve the dreadful Spell,
Which does our Reaſon blind,
That reſcu'd from the Gates of Hell,
We thy abode may find.

An EPITAPH

On a young Lady who died in her Twenty Firſt Year.

GRIEV'D to behold in Youth's enchanting Bloom,
Her lovely Charge deſcend into the Tomb,
" And is it thus, afflicted VIRTUE cries,
" That Heav'n diſtinguiſhes the early Wiſe?
" Thus crowns the tender Parents watchful Care?"
Celeſtial PIETY, her Siſter fair,
With Accents mild, and Looks ſerenely bright,
That ſcatter'd all the Horrors of the Night,
Reply'd—" Ceaſe thou their happy Lot to mourn,
" Who never more from Reſt to Toil return.

" Thy

" Thy Pupils who to Things unſeen aſpire,
" And endleſs Joys, ſtruck by my ſacred Fire,
" Their Taſk fulfill'd, lay down this Mortal Load:
" They cannot die too young who live to God.

FINIS.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

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